

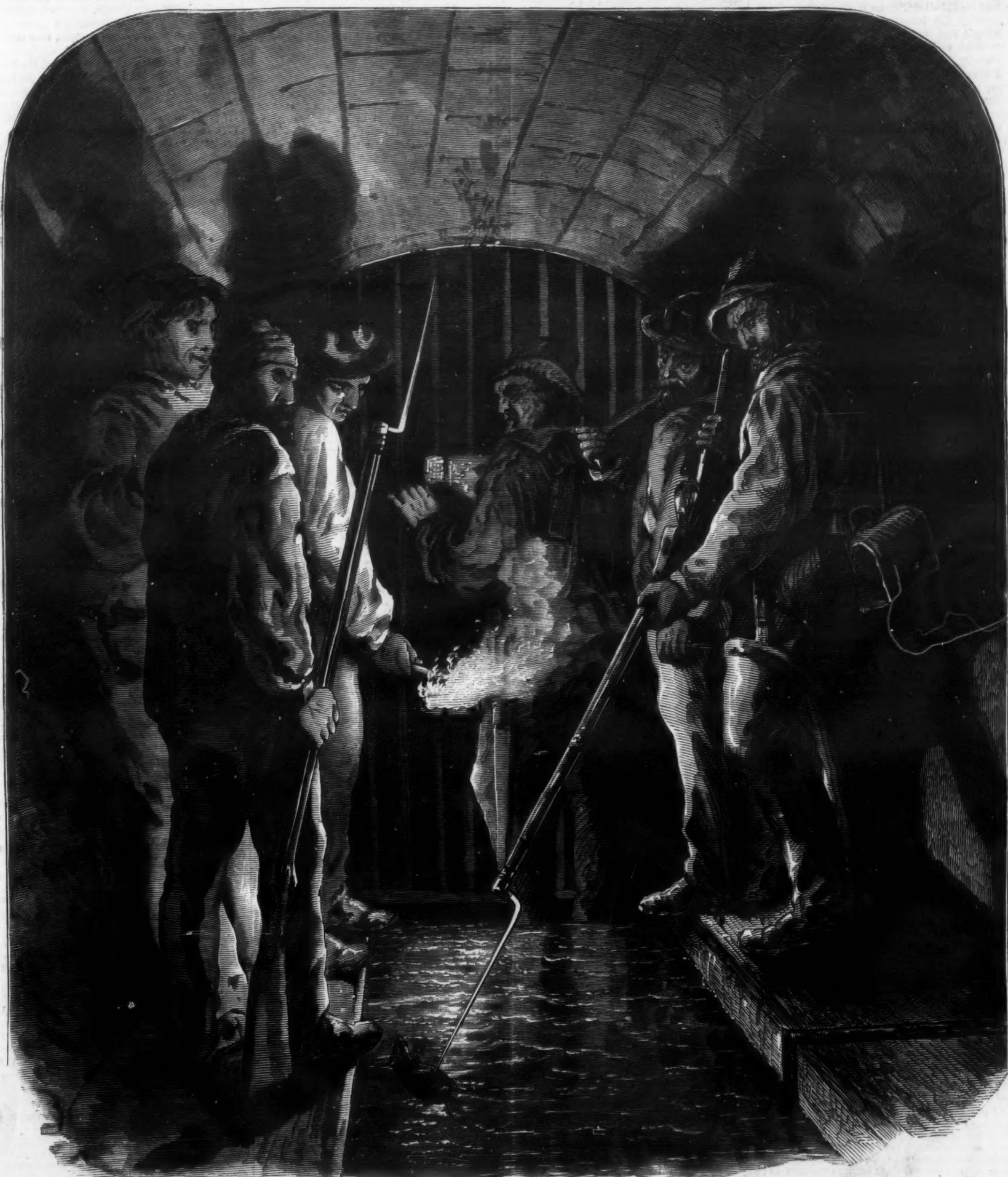
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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INSIDE PARIS.—THE EGOUTIERS, OR SEWER-CLEANERS, WATCHING FOR PRUSSIAN SPIES AT THE OUTLET OF A SEWER ON THE SEINE.
FROM A SKETCH BY BALLOON POST.—SEE PAGE 243.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

FRANCE—ALAS!

The concerted efforts of Generals Trochu and De Paladines, those of the first to break through the investing lines of the Germans around Paris from the inside, and of the latter to break through them from the outside, have signally failed. The result has proved that Paris cannot get out, nor the provinces get in—or, better expressed, that France cannot relieve its capital. We never doubted the failure of this long-heralded "concert of action" between the outside and the inside generals, and we are pleasantly disappointed, if only for the fame of France, that the "enervated Parisians" displayed so much real pluck as they did in their last great sortie—the last, probably, in the widest sense! It may turn out that it was led, as it seems natural it would be, by the organized soldiery that Vinoy failed to get into the great trap at Sedan. But whether so or not, there was good fighting, and the Germans, to use an Americanism, "had their hands full." If a gladiator must go down, it is a satisfaction to know that he fell with reddened steel in hand. The result in France can only be slightly affected by all this effort and energy, but it is a satisfaction to know that, all things considered, the Republic has fought better than the Empire. We should, perhaps, have said, having a due regard to the real significance of names, the *nominal* Republic, for Republic proper is a thing inconceivable to the Latin races. The sum total of the supreme effort, which friends and foes have alike conceded must be definitive, is that Trochu has sought refuge within the defenses of Paris, and that De Paladines has been again driven back beyond the Loire. This is really "the end of it." Cats at one dollar and a half each, and rats at fifteen cents—equal to an ordinary day's wages of an ordinary French workman—must soon bring the Parisians to a clear recognition of the inexorable "logic of facts." To hold out, as they have done, was a necessity for their vindication against the usual allegations of the poltroonery of capitals as well as capital; to surrender now will be an evidence of sound sense, and, after what Paris has done and suffered, it will bring with it no disgrace. "Let us have peace."

POPULAR EDUCATION SHOULD BE MADE COMPULSORY.

The cause of popular education received a marked impulse from the speech of Mr. Mundella of the British Parliament, a few weeks ago, at the Cooper Institute. The picture he painted of the ignorance of the servile classes of Great Britain, while not entirely new to those who have paid attention to the subject, was yet conveyed in such a forcible manner as to freshen the facts in the memory, while to many the statistics were really novel. It did sound strange to hear from his lips the statements that "before the year 1840 not a shilling was raised by local or national taxation in Great Britain for educational purposes; that in 1843, in a district eight miles by four miles, comprising the boroughs of Oldham and Ashton, with a population of one hundred thousand souls, there was not a solitary public day-school accessible to the children of the working-classes; that in 1866 twenty-three per cent of all males contracting matrimony signed the registers with their marks; that of all the criminals convicted during the year, less than three per cent could read and write well, and only one in six hundred had received a superior education."

Mr. Mundella highly praised our system of public schools, their number, and concluded this portion of his address as follows:

"A few weeks hence school boards will be elected in England for the first time. I read that in London and all the principal towns the workmen require of every candidate seeking their suffrages that he shall enforce the compulsory clauses, so that the time is not far distant when you will cease to reproach us with the ignorance of our emigrants; when to say that a man is an Englishman will imply that he is the equal in intelligence to the citizen of any country on

the globe. I cannot conclude this part of my lecture without congratulating you on what your country has done and is doing for education. It has been a constant delight for me to go from school to school in the towns and cities I have visited, and without fearing to incur the reproach of flattery I can say, familiar as I am with the school systems of Europe, that in private munificence, in public liberality, in the beauty, comfort, order and arrangement of your schools, you surpass the world; but I should be uncandid if I did not frankly tell you that North Germany and Switzerland excel you in the thoroughness and universality of their systems, and this, I believe, is entirely owing to the fact that in those countries the parent has not the right to deprive the child of the excellent training which the State has provided. When the parent fails in his duty the State stands in *locum parentis*, and this is what you chiefly need to perfect your educational system."

The enforced system of education is one that, we really think, should be put into practice here. It is unquestionable that ignorance is the parent of crime; that it is at the bottom of all the strikes, insurrections and popular tumults that from time to time injure the trade and the happiness of large communities all over the world. Napoleon III., in his recent apologetic letter, implies that one reason why Germany has been the ablest in the recent strife was, among others, she was the best instructed, and consequently the most obedient and reliable.

We would like to see a law passed for this city to take the initiative, requiring every child to go to school up to the age of fourteen, and every child found in the streets under that age during the ordinary school-hours should be arrested by the police, and the parents fined and punished, with increasing penalties for each repetition of the offense. What immense amount of stealing would thus be prevented! What demoralization would be averted!

A circular has recently been issued from the Bureau of the Secretary of the Interior to all the great houses employing a large number of workmen and women, asking them, among other questions, the comparative portion of those men who could read and write to those unable to do even this, and of those thus educated, how many had what might be considered a superior education, and what effect this education had upon their capacity as workmen and fidelity and assiduity as men? also, if any ascribable difference in morality was noticeable, and in what degree attributable to ideas obtained from or deducible from their habits of thought thus acquired?

The answer to these questions, if given conscientiously, cannot but be of the greatest interest. Education has been considered by some thinkers as unfitting men for many employments. Simple fidelity in servants has been supposed to be injured by education. Ladies have thought that their household servants got thereby a distaste for work, and were apt to lay down the broom or their sewing, when the mistress's back was turned, to take up her child's CHIMNEY CORNER or her own LADY'S MAGAZINE, and to forget, in their interest, how fast the hours passed by.

Kings and generals distrusted the education of the people, thinking that by it the soldier lost his fidelity and his unquestioning obedience, so much desired. But our late civil war showed that faith and unwavering loyalty and implicit recognition to authority were not wanting, while the educational standard of no armies in the world was ever as high as in ours.

More recently still, the efficiency of an educated nation compared with one far less so is this moment evident in Europe. Of the German army every Prussian can read and write. In the French army a very large proportion can do neither, and the result is greatly in favor of education.

This result has been looked for with great apprehensions, it is true. Many of the Germans here feared that the general education of North Germany would produce a habit of self-thinking which might degenerate into self-acting, and thus demoralize the army. What the effects might be with inefficient officers would still be a question. An educated army might see the continual blunders of its generals, and therefore refuse to serve under them and be slaughtered uselessly; but with a feeling of confidence in their leaders, their knowledge adds to their faith and their valor.

Schools are cheaper than courts of law and houses of detention and punishment. The time of children in school is of little value in any utilitarian point of view compared with its increased worth when educated. Our citizens are complaining of the onerousness of jury duty. If schooling is compulsory, the resulting education will diminish crime so as to greatly diminish the call for jurors.

We sincerely hope that some of our legislators will present a bill to the authorities at Albany this coming winter, making it obligatory for every town to provide adequate schools for at least six months during the year, and that every child under fourteen years of age, in good health and of ordinary intelligence, having a residence in the town, should be compelled to attend it during the school hours. Mr. Mundella says:

"Free schools, free colleges, and free universities are sources of national power and wealth greater than Californian mines and boundless prairies. Events present to every mind attest this. 'Not the needle-gun, but higher education, has conquered us,' was the exclamation of an Austrian *savant* in 1866. Jules Simon, in addressing the French Chambers two years ago, said: 'Show me the nation that has the best schools, and I will show you the premier nation. If the world does not acknowledge this to-day, it will do so to-morrow.' How prophetic of that demoralization which ignorance has entailed upon France!"

This whole speech is pregnant with material for thought, the more especially if the *thought* shall result in action.

PORTER ON GRANT.

SOME years ago Vice-Admiral Porter, smarting under the real or imaginary neglect of the War Department to co-operate efficiently with the Navy in the reduction of Fort Fisher, and believing—as all the circumstances warranted him in believing—that this neglect was partly if not mainly due to General Grant—then Generalissimo of the Union Armies—wrote a somewhat querulous letter to the venerable Gid. Welles—that celebrated defunct, who dug himself out of some Connecticut graveyard, because his agitated friends, some cycles ago, forgot to bury him face downward, and whom Mr. Lincoln took upon his shoulders as his Secretary of the Navy, unconsciously repeating the experiment of Sinbad with the Old Man of the Sea. Having known the aforesaid Welles, shortly after his disinterment, we are not surprised that he should malevolently print the letter of Admiral Porter, confidential as it was, because, at a later period, the Admiral's views on naval matters did not coincide with his own, and because the Admiral was frank enough to say so. Now, as Mr. Welles's principal knowledge of naval affairs was obtained in the Navy Department as Clerk of the "Bureau of Clothing," which bureau Mr. Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, had abolished, in order to get rid of what he regarded as a nuisance—namely, the aforesaid Welles—it can hardly be doubted that the sea-dog Porter knew a trifle more about naval affairs than the resurrected Welles. So he had a right to criticize the Venerable Beard, with perhaps more cause than he had to comment on the late Tanner of St. Louis. But both Welles and the tanner are intolerant of independent opinion, and Grant has shown the weakness if not, as yet, the malevolence of Welles. All things considered, and relatively to circumstances, Farragut and Porter achieved for the Union on the sea as much as Grant and Sherman on the land. At the time Porter wrote the letter—which none but a creature the exact reverse of a gentleman would have published—he was the peer of General Grant or anybody else on land or sea, and had a perfect right to comment on or criticize the acts of his contemporaries. The time probably is not far distant when his appreciations of General Grant will be amply justified by the impartial verdict of history, and the only feeling of regret is that, Vice-Admiral Porter's real grievances and wounds having cicatrized, in the generosity of his nature, he has evinced a disposition to "go back" on his mature and well-founded opinions of the *de facto* President.

COMPARATIVE PROGRESS OF CITIES IN THE UNION.

WHILE we may well be satisfied with the census, which shows a population that ranks New York city not only largely foremost on the American continent, but apparently fourth in comparison with the greatest European cities—London, Paris and Constantinople being the only ones exceeding it in population—its actual condition would place it probably a grade higher in comparison with those ancient cities if its *suburbs* are properly considered.

The actual *residents* within the city limits are now, in round numbers, 930,000—a gain of about 120,000 during the decade since 1860. Brooklyn, more convenient for the residence of a multitude of our business men than the upper part of New York or Manhattan Island, is reckoned at over 400,000—so closely allied to us that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his usual happy way of characterization, mentions that city as "the bed-chamber of New York." Then there is Jersey City and its appendages, counting more than 100,000, and Newark, with nearly similar numbers—which, with a lot of thrifty places in other parts of New Jersey, may be chiefly included in our metropolitan population, from the fact that a large portion of their wealth and inhabitants are directly connected with the business and every-day life of New York. Richmond County, or Staten Island, and Westchester County also—see how their population is swollen by the crowds of city business men, who render them like what Mr. Beecher calls Brooklyn—“bed-chambers of New York.” Thousands upon thousands of New York business men have their homes and families in other counties along the Hudson and the Sound, and on the routes of railroads running in various directions within fifty miles, or even

at greater distances from the city wherein their daily business is transacted.

Putting the population within the city limits *proper* at nearly a million, and considering the proximity and connections of Brooklyn, Jersey City, and other neighboring cities and towns that are largely peopled by the overflows of the great city from its comparatively small water-girtled island, few persons familiar with the subject will probably consider it an overestimate to say that the city of New York has now daily dependent on it a population of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand, scattered over a radius of thirty miles from its City Hall—a territory that may be properly termed the *New York Metropolitan District*.

The "city" of London, strictly speaking, forms but a small part of the "Great Metropolis" now commonly known by that name. And when the condition and appendages of New York are properly considered, is it too much to say that the population directly connected with it places it now on an equality with Constantinople, while in business and the ratio of increase it far exceeds that venerable capital? With the usual rate of increase in New York and its suburbs, how long will it be before the American Commercial Metropolis will rank side by side with Paris, now the second city of the civilized world?

The way in which large numbers of the business men of New York are domiciled with their families in surrounding cities, towns and villages, along with considerations of convenience for people concerned in any manner with this city, renders it desirable that a good map be prepared, to show distinctly a region of at least thirty miles, with all the "modern improvements," around New York, so as to include the harbor down to the ocean, and other local features interesting to outsiders, as well as to the inhabitants of what may, for the reasons above mentioned, be properly termed the *New York Metropolitan District*—the American Commercial Metropolis and its surroundings.

The progress of the principal cities of the Union during the last ten years, as shown by the late census, presents many points for comparison, which will not escape the attention of thoughtful readers who properly consider the difficulties encountered during the decade now closing. Although, at the outset of the rebellion, it was tauntingly said that New York and other Northern cities would surely and soon see "the grass growing in deserted streets and on idle wharves," the following comparative table of population shows a very different result, after the sacrifices and horrors of a contest that would probably have shaken to the verge of destruction almost any community less firmly fortified with intelligence and other qualities essential to a free and prosperous people:

	1870.	1860.
New York.....	927,436	813,669
Philadelphia.....	657,179	562,549
Brooklyn.....	406,097	266,714
St. Louis.....	312,963	150,780
Chicago.....	299,370	109,260
Baltimore.....	207,599	212,418
Boston.....	253,984	177,812
Cincinnati.....	218,900	161,044
New Orleans.....	184,688	173,772
San Francisco.....	150,361	56,802
Buffalo.....	114,247	81,129
Washington.....	109,338	61,122
Newark.....	100,000	71,000
Cleveland.....	98,018	43,417
Pittsburgh.....	86,255	49,217
Jersey City.....	82,630	43,884
Detroit.....	79,619	43,417
Albany.....	69,452	62,367
Milwaukee.....	71,464	45,246
Providence.....	68,870	50,666
Rochester.....	62,424	50,938
Alleghany City.....	58,185	28,702
New Haven.....	59,896	38,267
Charleston.....	43,431	61,210
New Bedford.....	21,232	22,300
Lancaster.....	20,161	17,603
Davenport, Ia.....	20,141	11,267
St. Paul, Minn.....	20,045	10,401

We are pleased to find in the *Evening Post* the following well-deserved tribute to Mr. Motley's successor as *Charge d'Affaires ad interim* in London: "Mr. Benjamin Moran is a gentleman of great personal worth, and has, perhaps, a more familiar acquaintance with the details of diplomacy than any one of our representatives in Europe. Mr. Moran first went to London with the late James Buchanan, in 1853, under the Presidency of Mr. Pierce, and has ever since remained in the American Embassy at the Court of St. James. The system of training diplomats which has always been pursued by Great Britain has its advantages, and the United States is fortunate in having at this moment a gentleman who has profited by this training to represent her in London till the appointment of a new Minister. Mr. Moran is well-known to his own countrymen who are in the habit of going abroad, and is universally respected for his simplicity and cordiality, his stanch nationality and his high character."

THE Count de Montalembert always predicted that the next Revolution in France would be directed against the priesthood. No sooner had Napoleon been overthrown than the people of Paris demanded that the semi-

arists should be made liable to military service; at Lyons and Marseilles decrees were issued confiscating clerical property, and from the latter city the Jesuits were expelled. In Paris, moreover, M. Mottu, Mayor of Belleville, who ordered that children should not go to religious schools, and removed all crucifixes, holding them, like John Knox, to be "painted wood," has, since the foiled *émeute* against the armistice, been re-elected. M. Blanqui had, at the same time, prepared a decree ordering priests to be sent into the army without weapons, so that by standing before married men they might "for the first time" be of some use as buffers. The Republican Government is distinctly hostile to all these extravagances, refused to "conscript" the priests, removed Mottu, arrested Blanqui, rebuked Garibaldi for punishing priests for disloyal sermons, and refuses to touch the religious orders, the Jesuits perhaps excepted. They are so unpopular with many bishops and the parochial clergy, that perhaps they will be offered up as scapegoats. A pope suppressed them once.

NOTWITHSTANDING the assertions of the Prussians, that very little damage was done to the Cathedral of Strasbourg during their late bombardment of the unarmed portion of the city, it now appears that such great ravages were effected that the architect estimates the cost of repairing them at \$300,000, "the fabric being far more injured than might be concluded from a superficial examination." The damage done to the picture-gallery by Prussian shot and shell amounts to \$250,000; the loss of the library, with its manuscripts and many precious volumes, is inestimable and irreparable; the burnt contents of the picture-gallery are estimated at nearly \$100,000. The total injury inflicted upon the city, without regard to those portions which, being military, are liable to operations of war as allowed in civilized countries, is estimated at between ten and twelve millions of dollars.

RECOLLECTING the unhappy fate of the Library at Strasbourg, which was completely burnt during the siege, it is some consolation to lovers of books that Metz escaped a bombardment, so that her library and museum remain still intact. The library consists of about 30,000 volumes of printed books, and 1,157 MSS., many of which date as far back as the tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Some are beautifully illuminated, and others are historically valuable.

THE most consummate rubbish, what vulgar Englishmen would call mere "rot," are the speculations about the course of the United States in case Great Britain *et al* should become involved in a fight with Russia over the Treaty of 1856. The United States will distinctly take no part in the matter, but will remain strictly neutral—just as Great Britain did during the Rebellion. It is proper that children should respect the example of their parents—who are older and wiser than they can hope to be!

THANKSGIVING MONTH: NOVEMBER.

SUBJECTS for thankfulness, as well as for thanksgiving, have been brought out distinctly before the public during the past month. Among them, that of the beneficial influence of the seasons, both in relation to health and the fruitfulness of the earth, has been alluded to by many of the speakers in their thanksgiving services in the churches.

The Giver of all good has especially been thanked for the fruitful seasons that He has bestowed on our beloved land. By His care, too, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the heat that destroyeth at noonday, have been restrained.

Generalization has been used in most cases, and with good effect; large portions of our country have been considered, and deductions from known facts made. All this is well, and has served a good purpose, for it has turned the thoughts of the people toward the Great Author of all, and at the same time brought them to realize the benefits they are continually receiving, and to indulge feelings of thankfulness that they are remembered by Him who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without His notice.

While the people have been called upon to contemplate the general subject, let us examine some of the particular occurrences in the month of November, as far as climate is concerned, that we may understand the reasons for thankfulness on our part, and be better enabled to offer thanks for what we have received.

November commenced with a clear sky and a temperature of 44°. It continued pleasant; however, only till the 3d, when we had thunder and lightning in the morning, and a brisk wind in the afternoon, but not cooler, for it attained its maximum on the 9th, which was 64.8°, when a change occurred, so that on the morning of the 11th it was 35°, and the same on the 16th. On the 20th it fell to its lowest point for the month—viz., 30°; it then rose again, and on the 29th it had reached 59.3°. After the 20th it did not fall below 37°. The average temperature for the month was 46.55°, which is warmer than any November, except in 1863 and 1864, for the past ten years. It was 5.37° warmer than November, 1869.

There were some light flurries of snow on the 19th, which was the coldest day, the average being 32.6°. Taking the whole month, the weather has been quite mild, and favorable for the poor and destitute. Rain fell on eight days only, to the depth of 2.41 inches, which is less than in any November for the last ten years, except 1867, when it was only 2.25 inches. On the 3d there was thunder and lightning in the morning, and a high wind in the afternoon from the northwest, and on the 22d a severe gale from the northeast, which did much damage both on land and sea.

Meteors were observed on fine evenings, and lunar coronas on two. The Aurora Borealis did not put in an appearance during the month; but from an English paper we learn that, on the 24th of October preceding, the Aurora Borealis, which was so beautiful here, was seen at Malta, and created much excitement among the people, who attributed its appearance to the occupation of the Pontifical States by the Italians. It was an uncommon occurrence, none having been seen there for more than sixty years.

The barometer, on the 1st, was nearly at 30 inches; then it rose, till, on the 6th, it was 30.222 inches. On the 14th it was at the lowest point, 29.429 inches, and varying from that till, at the close of the month, it was at its highest point, 30.277 inches. The mean force of vapor was .162 inch, the highest being .456 inch, and the lowest .048 inch—a range of .408 inch. The mean humidity was 49.22°, which is but 2.67° greater than the mean temperature; the range was 76.7°, from 88.6° down to 11.9°.

FASHIONS:

WHERE THEY ARE TO COME FROM, AND WHAT THEY WILL BE.

It is really a matter of some interest and importance from whence are to come the fashions for the future, and more especially for the coming season. The French have almost exclusively monopolized this work, for their refined taste has been universally recognized throughout the world. By degrees every nation has given up their own especial garb and adopted the reigning mode of Paris.

In addition to the diction of French taste in dress, in colors and shapes, there has always been—save during the very limited periods of previous Republics—court distinguished by some attention to dress, and an abundance of wealth to carry out any change, however expensive and extravagant. According as the monarch was more or less simple in his tastes, has the prevailing style of dress been plain or rich.

The court of the first Napoleon was costly enough, but Eugenie surpassed any previous empress in the richness of material, the quantity used, the labor employed upon it—in short, in the extravagance of the fashions. Dresses gradually became longer and fuller, then immensely trimmed, covered with lace and frills and bows, then almost doubled by an additional over-dress; and the last, the heaping of Pelon upon Ossa, is an additional embroidery—adding greatly to the expense—at first to sacks and jackets, and now to the entire dress!

With the ruin of the French nation and the dissolution of the Napoleonic régime, change must come. The taste still remains in France. No other nation in Europe possesses a tithe. If Paris is to be still the centre of fashion, the national poverty must modify the styles very materially. Should an Orleans prince be finally placed on the throne, his court must necessarily be economical in its expenses.

If, however, schism and anarchy shall for any prolonged period continue to disturb the ordinary current of events, Fashion can find no other place where to rest her expensive foot but in New York. Here is money, beauty and taste—qualities not found united in Berlin, London or elsewhere in the world. For many years New York has been esteemed second only to Paris in the artistic splendor of female attire, and even surpassing that capital in its out-of-door toilets.

But, wherever Fashion's headquarters may be, we certainly congratulate everybody on the necessary reaction, and the coming simplicity and comparative inexpensiveness of the prospective novelties.

WATCHING FOR PRUSSIAN SPIES IN A SEWER UNDER PARIS.

The Provisional Government of France, in its efforts to protect Paris from surprises by Prussian spies, have apparently neglected no means of providing checks to any such movement. Perhaps the most curious of these is the armed vigilance of the *écoutiers*, or laborers employed to keep the main sewers in proper order, who are now obliged to be on their guard lest some adventurous Prussian should succeed in effecting an entrance to the city by way of these subterranean passages.

The outlets of the sewers on the Seine bank, as will be seen from our engraving, are sufficiently commodious to allow the passage of a large party of men. A strange-looking individual, detected a few weeks ago prowling about one of these outlets, who on being closely questioned gave such contradictory statements of his purposes that he was arrested as a spy, gave new cause for a vigilant watch in these important channels. In addition to the presence of a large and well-armed detachment of troops, the Ministry of Public Works has taken the further precaution of fortifying the interior of the sewers and aqueducts with barriers, to prevent hostile intrusion, while the shafts entering the catacombs and underground quarries have been blocked and walled up.

MANY of the prisoners captured at and about Orleans are children under ten years old, natives of Alsace, who, speaking both French and German, were found useful as spies.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Prussians Examining French Newspapers from a Captured Balloon at Versailles.

The French balloons have ever been prizes coveted by the Prussian troops, particularly the Uhlians. They have offered capital marks for rifle practice, and have through their course been followed many miles by eager cavalrymen. Frequently these balloons are unfortunate, descending near important posts of the Prussian armies, when a rush is made for their contents, which are quickly spread on the ground. Through these circumstances the staff officers have an opportunity of obtaining a bundle of newspapers fresh from the press, and indulging in the excitement attending the knowledge of their opponents' strength, resources, and privations. These papers are quickly scattered among the officers, and in a short time the soldiers are gossiping over the condition of the besieged. Our illustration represents but one of a series of scenes that have occurred at Versailles.

Inside Paris—The Provisional Government Cheered by the National Guards after the Plebiscite—Waiting-room of the Western Railway Depot, Used as a Hospital.

The triumphant result of the plebiscite, or voting by universal suffrage, on Thursday, November 3, was publicly known shortly before midnight, when the members of the Provisional Government, on their return to the Louvre, were greeted by some detachments of National Guards with the heartiest acclamations. In our illustration of this scene General Trochu, President of the National Defense Government, and Governor of Paris, is seen acknowledging the congratulations of the citizen soldiers; M. Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs, stands at his right hand, with Messrs. Eugène Pelletan and Jules Simon behind; M. Jules Ferry waves his hand on Trochu's left; the other Ministers are present in the rear.—The general conversion of all the available instruments and establishments of ordinary civilized life to the uses of warfare is exemplified by the temporary hospital for wounded soldiers formed in the waiting-rooms of a great railway terminus, that of the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest, so familiar to tourists arriving by way of Havre or Dieppe. It is sad to look up from the pallets upon which lie the agonized or mutilated bodies of these poor Frenchmen, and to read the placards, still on the walls, announcing the arrangements for a "train de plaisir," and inviting Parisians to take a holiday trip to Havre. The good Sisters of Mercy, whose pious devotion has been signally manifested in scenes and places of great personal danger during the war, pass to and fro, extending the consolations of religion to the dying, and offering their kind and tender services to all.

Prussian Cavalry Horses Answering the Muster-Call, after a Battle near Metz.

After one of the severe engagements near Metz, a scene occurred which, though common to fields of battle, was unusual on account of the number of actors in it. The Prussian cavalry had suffered fearfully, and when the evening muster-call was sounded by the trumpets of the First Regiment of Dragoons of the Royal Guard, 600 riderless horses came in answer to the summons. They were jaded, and in many cases maimed; but they had wandered about in affright till they heard the familiar sound, which their disciplined habits made them obey. Only those who have seen a battle-field can form a notion of the extraordinary way in which the horses, as long as they have a leg to crawl on, will follow the regiment to which they belong. Those which evidently had been sergeants' horses kept their position in rear of their squadron, wheeling with it, and halting as if their riders were on their backs.

The Woods near Celles St. Cloud, with Mont Valerien in the Distance.

During the French sortie from Paris on the 21st of October, Maimaison, celebrated as the residence of the Empress Josephine, and the spot where the first Napoleon planned the campaign of Jena and Auerstadt, was the scene of severe fighting. Close by is Celles St. Cloud, surrounded by woods, and looking up to Mont Valerien. The outposts were stationed in the woods, among tall chestnut trees, the officer in command occupying the famous kiosk presented the Empress Eugenie by the Sultan.

The Breton Garde Mobiles Taking Leave of their Families.

The Bretons, a steady-going, plow class of people living in the northwest of France, rallied for the defense of their country without any of those demonstrations of ill-will that so often jeopardize the interests of a contest. The Breton, sturdy as a Landwehr man, and possessing much of the fire and activity of a Zouave, makes a determined and vigilant soldier. The people, by their pensive and mournful countenances, betray their grief at this separation from their young men as readily, and far more touchingly than the angry gestures and loud chatter of their more demonstrative countrymen. The sketch represents a party of Breton Garde Mobiles who have set out for General Keratry's headquarters, near Sevres. Their friends have accompanied them a good distance on the road, but the moment of parting has at last come, and the regiment has halted to permit a last adieu with their wives and sweethearts.

Distributing the Iron Cross.

At the outbreak of the war, the King of Prussia determined to reward evidences of unusual daring among the Prussian soldiers by presentation of a decoration known as the Iron Cross. By the soldiers, officers and men, no honor could be more coveted, and the days selected for making the awards were memorable in their character. On the 4th of November, while the King's headquarters were at Versailles, France, a ceremony of this kind took place, in which the Crown-Prince represented his Majesty. A double line of troopers, with flashing steel helmets and cuirasses, took position on the right and left of the gates of the Grand Trianon. At three o'clock the Prince and his staff arrived, and as he passed his "Good-mornings" to the troops, he was loudly cheered. Taking his position, the names of those about to receive the decoration were called, and the men, one by one, left the ranks, and approached the Prince, whose erect figure upon his horse was greatly admired. The hands of the Prince and his honored soldiers clasped, and when the latter returned to their ranks, they

were conscious that in their palms reposed the evidence of their distinguished bravery. The spectacle was simple, touching and effective.

New Mode of Moving Heavy Artillery.

As the science of war takes further strides toward perfection, weapons of defense and human destruction become heavier and more effective. The Prussians have met with considerable difficulty in transporting their heavy ordnance over gaps caused by the destruction of railway lines. Lieutenant Alexander B. Brown, of the British army, has recently invented an apparatus to overcome this difficulty, which is highly commended by the Duke of Cambridge and other distinguished officers. By his invention heavy guns rest on a sledge, the outer lower edges of which are hollowed to receive ferbruns or curved iron gutters. Similar ferbruns let into wood form the tramway, while rolling shot or shell, placed between them, afford the easy means of motion. By these means a twelve-ton gun has been moved by a party of twelve men at the rate of seven miles an hour—no other mechanical contrivance being used. It is furnished with simple processes by which it will turn right angles, as if entering a fortress gateway, with a portion of the detachment, while four men can easily turn the immense weight round. This invention is particularly valuable for siege purposes.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn occurred on Thursday last.

EDWIN BOOTH is to appear at his theatre January 2d, in the character of Richelieu.

THE young California pianist, Misses Emma and Rebecca Laemlein, appeared at Steinway Hall on the 13th.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK has added Medea and Queen Catharine to her list of English characters.

VON BULOW has been engaged at the National Hungarian Theatre, Pesth, as first Capellmeister.

M. LEFRANC, the tenor, has been engaged for the next concert of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE Kellogg Concert Troupe has met with encouraging receptions thus far. It returns to New York January 13th.

EDWIN BOOTH occupied the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week, appearing in a round of his most popular characters.

EDWIN ADAMS is acting at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, in the new play called "Honor," written for him by John Brougham.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" has been revived at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The new American comedy, "Saratoga," is soon to be brought out.

THE burlesque of "Little Jack Sheppard," at Lina Edin's Theatre, New York, has struck the popular vein. It is furnished with excellent music.

THE notorious "Princesse de Trebizonde" is in rehearsal at the Grand Opera House, and will follow "Les Brigands." Mme. Almee is expected in a few days.

WAGNER has been lately suffering very badly from a nervous complaint. He is better now, and is working away at the third part of his "Nibelungen Trilogy."

MISS GLYN, well known among the literati of London, who recently appeared in Boston as a Shakespearian reader, will shortly give readings in New York.

MR. JEFFERSON's engagement at Booth's Theatre closes December 31st. By that time he will have played Rip Van Winkle one hundred and forty times in succession.

ON Saturday last, at the regular concert at the Tabernacle, Brooklyn, Miss Vienna Demorest sang an aria from Costa's "Eli," and Mr. George W. Morgan presided at the organ.

THREE HUNDRED children connected with the Juvenile Reformatory on Randall's Island were treated to the matinee performance of "Wee Willie Winkie" at the Olympic Theatre on the 7th.

SIGNOR RONCONI began an operatic season at the Union League Theatre on the 7th, with an act of "Nabucco" and of "Linda." The former opera was written for him by Signor Verdi.

MME. MARIE SEEBACH has now appeared in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and Milwaukee, and has been received with the same warm appreciation that marked her efforts here.

OF Minnie Hauck a Vienna correspondent says that "she is singing away again as blithe as a lark; she is a great favorite in parts like Zerlina, but her more serious efforts are not so popular."

A BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL was inaugurated at New Haven, Conn., on the 5th. On the following evening his only opera, "Fidelio," was given by the Richings Opera Troupe, for the Festival chorus and orchestra.

LORD LYTTON'S "Lady of Lyons" was brought out at Niblo's, New York, on Wednesday evening last, with Mr. Walter Montgomery as Claude Melnotte, and Mrs. Scott-Siddeons as Pauline Dechappelles.

ONE of the queens of song, an artiste who in almost all European languages has sung on the lyric stages of Italy, Spain, England, France, Germany, Russia, etc., Pauline Viardot Garcia, is about to visit London to resume her professional career.

THE last of the series of recitations by M. Favarger, at the Union League Theatre, took place on the 7th. The programme consisted of selections from Voltaire, Linguet, Brueys, Lamartine, Victor Hugo and Dr. Verduin, and was carried out with fine scholarly taste.

THERE is an admirable flautist living quietly in New York in the person of Mr. James Carroll. A pupil of Nicholson, he has all that famous Master's style and school, and produces a round, beautiful tone, more like that of the *corno Inglese* than the flute. The musical public of the city ought to know more of him.

THE talented young American soprano, Miss Emma C. Terry, is to give her first public concert at Steinway Hall, New York, December 20. Although a pupil, her voice is exceedingly sweet and powerful. She is to be assisted by a corps of well-known artists, and her *debut* is expected to be a brilliant musical affair.

THE "Black Crook" was revived at Niblo's Theatre, New York, on Monday, December 12. All the appointments are on the most liberal style. The various transformation scenes form the most costly and beautiful spectacles ever exhibited. The *ballet* is large, and embraces many well-known persons.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 243.



FRANCE.—PRUSSIANS EXAMINING FRENCH NEWSPAPERS FROM A CAPTURED BALLOON AT VERSAILLES.



FRANCE.—THE WAITING-ROOM OF THE WESTERN RAILWAY DEPOT AT PARIS, USED AS A HOSPITAL.



FRANCE.—THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT CHEERED BY THE NATIONAL GUARD AFTER THE PLEBISCITE OF NOVEMBER 3D.



FRANCE.—PRUSSIAN CAVALRY HORSES ANSWERING THE EVENING MUSTER-CALL, AFTER THE DEATH OF THEIR RIDERS, AT ONE OF THE BATTLES NEAR METZ.



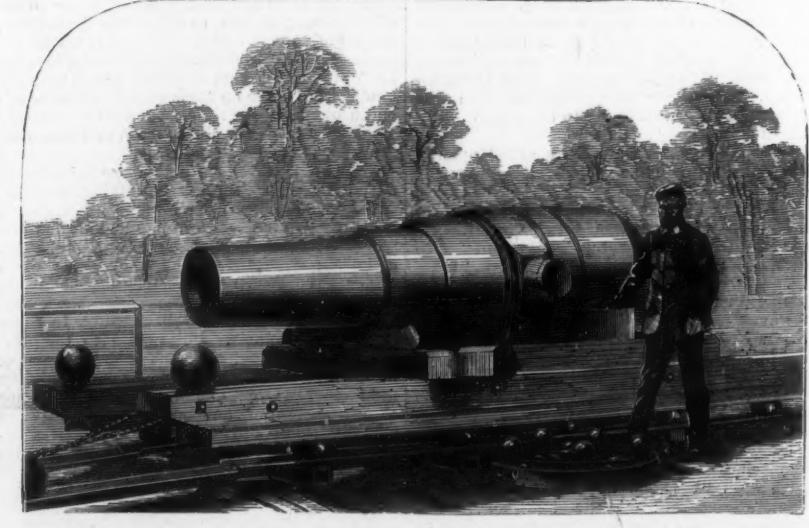
FRANCE.—VIEW OF THE FORTS OF MONT VALÉRIEN, FROM THE WOODS NEAR CHELLES ST. CLOUD.



FRANCE.—THE IRON CROSS—THE CROWN-PRINCE PUTTING THE DECORATION IN THE HAND OF A CUIRASSIER AT VERSAILLES, NOVEMBER 4TH.



FRANCE.—RECRUITS IN BRITTANY TAKING LEAVE OF THEIR WIVES AND SWEET-HEARTS.



ENGLAND.—METHOD OF MOVING HEAVY SIEGE GUNS, INVENTED BY LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER B. BROWN.



NEW YORK.—THE GRAHAM INSTITUTION FOR AGED AND INDIGENT FEMALES, BROOKLYN.—THE INMATES AT DINNER.

THE GRAHAM INSTITUTION FOR AGED FEMALES, BROOKLYN.

HOMES for the aged have not inaptly been termed "vestibules of the grave." We pass among these venerable persons with feelings akin to awe. Their slow and faltering movements, their deep-wrinkled faces, their voices scarcely audible, indeed speak of earth, and the mysterious changes of human life, yet the veneration that their age and weakness excite causes us to look upon them as guardians of the gates "to the other world."

We run and stumble, rise and press forward again on our journey, and think our lot is truly hard; we hear from their own lips how they

passed the scenes of our trials, and feel that they have borne a heavier weight.

For some reason, perhaps because the work is carried on in an appropriately quiet manner, Homes for the aged and indigent have not received the attention they deserve. Many persons of sympathetic hearts never visit these institutions, from a fear of meeting with decrepitude, imbecility and wretchedness, that would add bitterness to their own lives.

On the corner of Washington and De Kalb avenues, Brooklyn, stands a noble charity of the kind we have alluded to—the Graham Institution for Aged and Indigent Females.

The edifice was erected in 1851, the founder being the late John Graham, who, besides build-

ing the Home, gave a considerable amount of money toward its successful operation. It is five stories in height, and stands nearly in the centre of a beautiful plot of ground, from which an admirable view of New York, Brooklyn and Williamsburgh may be obtained.

Every applicant for admission must bring satisfactory testimonials of the propriety of her conduct and the respectability of her character. It will be required that any one received in the Home shall pay one hundred dollars on her admission, and come provided with a good bed, bedding, and furniture for a room. The age of persons received must not be under sixty years, unless strongly recommended by necessitous circumstances, in which the Application

Committee shall have discretionary power. There are at present some fifty beneficiaries in the Home. The apartments are cozy, and fitted up tastefully and with comfort, and the regulations being strictly enforced, there is a general quietness and harmony observed that is undoubtedly the secret of success.

Among the inmates are several ladies whose lives have been more than ordinarily eventful. Mrs. Margaret Moore, now in her ninety-first year, is the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and cousin of the late Mr. Lyman Beecher. She calls herself a thorough Yankee, and evinces much interest in recounting incidents of her early life. Her mind is clear, but she suffers greatly from a complication of diseases—



NEW YORK.—THE GRAHAM INSTITUTION FOR AGED FEMALES—INMATE IN HER ROOM.



NEW YORK.—THE GRAHAM INSTITUTION FOR AGED AND INDIGENT FEMALES, CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND DE KALB AVENUES, BROOKLYN.

nearalgia, rheumatism, paralysis, and palsy. She insists that, owing to her infirmities, she is company for no one, yet a few moments' conversation makes her forget her condition, her memory brightens, and she laughs and weeps over pleasures and trials she has passed through. Her reminiscences of the Beecher family are intensely interesting, and while recounting the eccentricities of Lyman, his love of humor, and devotion to his violin, she appears to slip many years from her life.

Miss E. Weiderholdt has her room furnished in oiled style, a handsome canopy covering the bed, and ample bureaus ranged about the room. Her immediate relatives are all deceased. Her brother, John Weiderholdt, was captain of a merchantman, in which she made fifteen ocean voyages, besides visiting many foreign ports. Her accent is French, in which language she delights to converse, and her general appearance and manners are more of the French than German lady. Intelligent, witty, and gifted with fine conversational powers, she renders a visitor entirely at home in her presence.

In another room lies a poor lady, who, for ten years past, has appeared at the point of death, several physical afflictions and age working against her. Her mind is entirely destroyed, and she is helpless as a babe.

The Home receives its support from church collections and private munificence, besides donation parties are made every year about this time of the month.

On Wednesday and Thursday of this week the friends hold a party and fair, which deserves, what previous ones have enjoyed, great success. Mrs. Wright, the genial matron, who has held the position since the opening of the Home, is indefatigable in her efforts to render her venerable charges comfortable and happy.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

Up from the South comes a wail of woe,
Up from the golden strand!
Up from the isle where the blossoms glow
Gorgeous as Eden-land!
Full is the hour of a fervent power,
Stern grow the spirits gay;
But there rises a wail, for her sons are dead,
And the star that soared from the ocean bed,
For a fourth time whelmed in a sea blood-red,
Struggles with feeble ray.

Proudly the palm-tree of Bolivar
Sank at the earliest blow,
Sped the Black Eagle unchecked and far,
Till struck by an ambushed foe;
And Lopez, fate, like a ship of state,
Swept to a grander doom.
Say, men who hold the awful key
To the weal or woe of her destiny,
Say, shall Cuba's last struggle be
Wrapped, like the rest, in gloom?

The curse that has laid our land in waste
Blackens her bosom still;
The cup Columbia did but taste
Cuba has drained of ill.
We know full well what a very hell
The Spanish rule must be,
But English gold draws our eyes away—
And the tyrant's gunboats they go or stay,
But Cuba must fight as fight she may,
For little indeed care we.

O for a land that could boast a rule
Of principle, not of gold!
O for the sway of a brainless fool
Who could not be bought and sold!
O that the truth of our nation's youth
Might flush in her matron veins!
For there was a time when we dared do right,
In the sight of man and in God's own sight,
And valued our mission grand and bright
More than our paltry gains.

THE LITTLE WIFE'S STORY.

THOUGH I am such a quiet little body, I have a story to tell, as thrilling as that of more heroic-looking women. You would never look at me twice in a crowd, I am sure, and yet I came near being the heroine of a tragedy once.

It was five years ago. Melville and I had been married over four years, and still the honeymoon was not ended for us, though we had a baby, and were considered rather humdrum sort of people, I dare say. I was very happy in my cottage home, with Pet and my birds, and Mogul, the old cat, though I never ceased to miss Melville the long days he was in the city. Six months before our marriage he had started in business, and ever since he had continued to work very hard. All I could do for him was to keep our home pleasant and cheerful, and bear with him if he came home at night a little nervous and fretful—for which I am sure he always thanked me a thousand times over in his heart, though, man-like, he never mentioned it.

One night, when he came home looking al-most sick from unusual exertion, I said:

"Melville, I am afraid you are working too hard. You will get sick."

"I don't mean to do it much longer, Mattie," he answered.

Well, I gave him Pet to play with, and went into the kitchen to make a good, strong cup of tea. It was all I could do, and it usually seemed about the best thing.

The next night Melville came home earlier than usual. As he stepped out of his chaise, I thought I hadn't seen him look so well for a twelvemonth. When he came in, he caught up the baby for a great game of romps, but finally came and sat down quietly to supper.

"Mattie," said he, over his second cup of tea, "how would you like to go on a visit to your mother?"

My heart gave a leap, for I hadn't seen mother since Pet was born; but I said, quietly:

"The expense, Melville?"

"I can afford that," he answered, smiling. "When would you like to go?"

"To-night—to-morrow—any time. But, Melville, can't you go, too?"

"Oh, no—utterly impossible. Can't possibly get away. But I want you to go. The air of that old salt bay will do you good, for you've been pining just a bit of late, my little wife," and he leaned around the tea-urn to kiss me.

You ought to have seen us that evening sitting close together before the open fire, Pet asleep on her father's knee, and old Mogul purring on the hearth-rug. We were certainly the very model of a happy family.

Mother's letters had been urging me for a long time to come home, but I hadn't mentioned the matter to Melville, for it was a long way from our home to Oldburyport—two days' journey. But now that Melville had proposed it himself, I was in ecstasies at the thought. At heart I was like a sea-bird fluttering for the sound of the waves. I longed for the breath of the ocean and the melody of my mother's voice again.

We talked it over that night, and the next day arranged everything. Old Mother Morrill would come and keep house for Melville, if she had the privilege of bringing her little lame granddaughter with her. She was a good old woman, who had known my husband when a boy, and had occasionally served us in a similar capacity. I was quite satisfied to leave my house in her hands. And Melville was to write me often, and not work too hard while I was gone.

The following week I started. Pet looked very beautiful in her little Scotch plaid cap; people noticed her in the cars, and I was very proud of her. And then the getting home was so delightful! Nobody sick or gone, and everything most satisfactorily familiar and charming. Mother gave me my dear old chamber, that I had when a girl, and I lay, that first night, and listened to the break of the surf on the beach, as I used to do when a child.

In the days that followed there were long talks and walks, and of a sunny afternoon a boating excursion, or a drive, with mother and Pet and my little brother Charlie, in the old family buggy.

But my delightful three weeks—during which I had been drawing in heart-food, as well as physical recuperation—came to an end at last.

It was time to go home and to my husband, whose letters had constantly informed me that all was well. And I am proud to say that the thought of returning to him was as happy and as full of joyous expectation as that of meeting my own tender mother had been.

But when I reached the old familiar station, he was not there to meet me. This was my first disappointment. I took a carriage, and drove out to Rose Cottage. The hall-door stood open, my bird-cage hung above it, and as I entered the gate, with Pet on my arm, Mogul pattered down the porch to meet me.

But when I reached the old familiar station, he was not there to meet me. This was my first disappointment. I took a carriage, and drove out to Rose Cottage. The hall-door stood open, my bird-cage hung above it, and as I entered the gate, with Pet on my arm, Mogul pattered down the porch to meet me.

I entered the little parlor, and stood transfixed. The apartment was metamorphosed. The floor was covered with a soft fabric like crimson moss. The windows were hung with snowy lace. Stuffed couches and rosewood chairs had taken the place of the former inexpensive furnishings. And upon the walls were a set of choice foreign engravings, framed in moldings of heavy gilt.

I went through to the dining-room, with the wondering child still on my arm. There was a new extension-table, and a handsome black walnut buffet. In my chamber were new window-shades, and a rare little work-table.

I looked about me in a kind of dream. Pet shook her hands and cried, "Pretty! pretty!"

When I had changed our dresses, I opened a drawer to put away my child's little cloak, and a letter fell from the top of the bureau to the floor. Mechanically glancing at it, for it was divested of the envelope, and the folds of the sheet fell open in my hand, the strange import of the words held my attention. I read as follows:

"NEW YORK, October 1st, 18—.

"MY DEAR SIR: We wish to secure the services of a smart man to push the business named in the inclosed circular, and have been informed by a friend, who knows you well, that you are highly suitable to represent us. As we have had many dealings with that gentleman, and know him to be an upright and honorable man, any friend of his will receive our utmost confidence. We therefore feel that there is no risk in confiding to you our secret. Now, if you will agree to start this business at once, we will, in this instance, deviate from our usual custom of requiring all cash in advance, and supply you on the following terms, leaving you to pay the balance as early as possible. Upon receipt of \$10, by express, prepaid, we will forward, by express, such denominations of counterfeit money as you may desire, amounting to not over \$1,000. You can have any quantity above \$1,000 by paying one per cent. of the price. For instance, a \$2,500 package would cost you \$25, in advance. For a \$5,000 package we should require \$50, in advance. By ordering a \$2,500 package you will secure the exclusive right of sale for your State. You can then use your own discretion in employing agents to assist you. We will give \$1,000 for any single note that cannot be passed. Many attempts have been made to produce these notes perfect, but have only resulted in failure and open arrest. We alone have succeeded, and stand unrivaled, defying both detection and competition. We know you will serve us faithfully and truly. You cannot afford to deceive us. State the amount and denominations required. Send by express. Don't write by mail, as we will not claim or receive any letters from the post-office. Send only by express, prepaid. Awaiting an early reply, we are,

"Yours, fraternally,

"OTIS BROTHERS."

I think a kind of spasm seized me, for, for a moment, I was utterly unconscious of everything surrounding me. When I recovered my

pet, who had pulled herself up to her feet by the new work-stand, stood looking at me with frightened eyes and a quivering lip.

"Darling, come to mother," I said, mechanically. "My God! were we the wife and child of a counterfeiter? The expense of my visit, the beautiful new furniture, my husband's late accession of spirits, his words, "I don't mean to work hard much longer, Mattie," were all horrible and accusing proofs of his guilt!

For hours I sat on the floor, with my child, and I must have looked like a madwoman. At length I had thought it all over, and I decided that we had best die—Pet and I. I could see no other escape from a hell that yawned before us. I rose, slowly, and went to a closet. There I took down a glass and vial, and filled the former half full of laudanum. Then I sat down and took my little child upon my lap. I would give it to her first.

But the stuff was bitter. The little thing shook her curly head and put up an appealing lip.

"Drink, drink!" I commanded, tipping her head back upon my arm, and pressing the glass to her mouth. She began to cry.

Just then the door was flung open, and my husband, astonished at the sight he beheld, stood before me.

"Mattie, is this you? And is the child sick?" he added.

I rose, and put the glass on the table.

"No, she is not sick," I said.

The little one tottered to him, forgetting her grief, and he took her up and eagerly kissed her.

"When did you arrive? And why did you not let me know you were coming, Mattie?"

"I wrote you," I said.

"But I did not get the letter. Have you seen the parlor?" smiling and coloring like a girl. But a look of consternation overspread his face as he looked at me.

"Yes, I have seen the gewgaws for which my husband sold name, and fame, and family love," I said, sternly. "Melville Ray, never call me wife again. I married an honest man—not a villain!"

"Mattie, for God's sake what does this mean?" he cried, starting to his feet and staring at me with a pallid cheek. "What are you talking about?"

I looked at him for a moment, then picked up the letter and silently handed it to him. He glanced at it, appeared to recognize it, but seemed no less bewildered.

"Well?" he said, interrogatively, looking at me with a darkening brow.

For the first time it flashed over me that my husband might not be guilty.

"Melville, for heaven's sake tell me truly, where you got the money to buy all this new furniture," I said.

"Out of my business. It has improved, lately, in response to all my years of hard labor," he replied, quietly and briefly.

"And that letter in your hand is what?"

"A heax, I think. It came to my partner, Mr. Rollins, much to his disgust, a few days since. He gave it to me as a sort of curiosity. I don't know any more about Otis Brothers than you do. Mattie, did you think I did?"

I gazed into his dear familiar face a moment, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Melville, forgive me!" I cried.

But I dared not tell him then, or since, from what his timely coming had saved us all.

THE DOCTOR IN THE WITNESS BOX: A POSER IS PUT TO HIM.

ONE evening, late in November, an elderly man, with beetling brows, piercing gray eyes, thin, compressed lips, and long, bony hands, sat in a shabbily furnished room in a splendid old house, casting up accounts by the light of a single candle. The weather being cold, one of those baskets for live coals, which are sometimes most appropriately called "kill-jays," glimmered in the huge grate. The door of the room, which opened into the fine oak-paneled hall, was ajar, and presently a servant-girl, bearing a light, flitted by from the staircase. Her master called her.

"Hi, Jenny! come here. What makes you look so scared? Is your mistress worse?"

"I'm afraid so, Sir Timothy."

"Eh! what?—really bad?"

"Ye-es."

"Going to die?"

"She says so, Sir Timothy; and oh, she looks it, too! Oh, sir!" cried the girl, earnestly, blurted out what was on her soul, "if she were to die without a doctor!" This abnormal possibility shocked Sir Timothy Graham also, the invalid being in a manner dear to him. It was a very general notion amongst his neighbors and tenants that the man was incapable of caring for anybody; but this was prejudice. He did care for his wife, after his own fashion. It was not, perhaps, an enthusiastic attachment, or a deep one—I don't suppose that he loved her as well as a good bargain, for example. But comparisons are odious.

He remained silent for a while, looking down, and then muttered, "I declared that I would never send for that fellow Radford again—which was an error on his part; he had never made that rash observation—it was Mr. Radford who had vowed he would not come.

"Shall Charles go for Dr. Radford, please, Sir Timothy?"

"There's no one else; so I suppose he must."

Jenny vanished in search of that footman-gardener named Charles; and her master tried to get back into his sum, but made a mistake of twopence-farthing, and lapsed into reverie.

Sir Timothy Graham was not a nice man, but if he had remained indifferent to his wife's condition he would have been a monster. She had now, for thirty years, devoted herself to the difficult task of pleasing him; she had brought him money, and saved him money; born economical, she had developed the faculty into extreme meanness, to gain his approbation. Passion would have been out of place at his age, and hers, but he esteemed her.

After a hard day's work, Mr. Radford had turned into bed with the snug conviction that he was going to remain undisturbed up to eight o'clock on the following morning, for his last "lady's case" was going on as favorably as if civilization had been unknown, and no fellow-creature looked to him for introduction into the world for the next fortnight to come. But at half-past eleven, his sleep was broken by the night-bell, and he had to wrench himself from his warm nook in the feathers, feel for his dressing-gown and slippers, blunder into his dressing-room, which looked out on the front of the house, and open the window. "What is it?" he shouted, shivering as the frosty night-air blew in upon his face, and played about his unprotected legs.

"Please, sir, it's me."

"Idiot!—your name?"

"Charles, from the Hall."

"Then, Charles from the Hall, you may go back again, for I am not coming."

"My lady is very ill, sir."

"Can't help it. Tell your master that I won't attend him or his family, and he need send no more messages, as I shall muffle the night-bell." And with these words the doctor bade down the window.

"What are you doing, John?" said a voice from the bed presently.

"Tying a stocking round the clapper of this confounded bell."

"What for?"

"To get a good sleep, in spite of Sir Timothy Graham."

"Why, he has never sent for you!"

"He has, though, the insolent screw; his wife's ill."

"Oh, well, don't tie up the bell, John; she may be really bad—dying, you know."

"What is that to me?"

"I know they have treated us very badly; a rich man like that to refuse to pay for your attendance; it is unheard of! But other people might want you."

"Not likely."

"No, but it is just possible. Don't muffle the bell."

I need hardly tell the married reader that the doctor got growling into bed, with the bell-clapper free to rouse him out again. In an hour's time the provoking bit of iron availed itself of that liberty, but for some minutes Mr. Radford declined to stir. Consideration for his wife's rest, however, at length induced him to turn out once more, and again go through the process of refrigeration.

"Sir Timothy's messenger again, I suppose?" he cried.

"No," replied a well-known voice; "I am here myself."

"For what purpose, Sir Timothy Graham, do you come and disturb me, when you know very well that I never intend to enter your doors again?"

"Ay, ay," replied the voice from below; "but this is not a time to bear malice. I tell you that my wife is dangerously ill—dying, I believe; and if she dies for want of medical assistance, you will be responsible."

"Not so; the responsibility will all lie on your own shoulders. I am a poor man, working hard for my living,

expired, at an increased rent, without having to do as much in the way of repairs as he had anticipated; so that he was enabled to bear his domestic misfortune like a Spartan.

After a decent lapse of time, Mr. Radford sent in a note referring to the promise which Sir Timothy Graham had made him, and requesting a check for a hundred pounds; and no answer being vouchsafed to this communication, he presently wrote again in more urgent language; but the second letter was ignored as quietly as the first. Then the good doctor got angry, and, meeting his debtor one day in the course of his rounds, he upbraided him with his conduct, and threatened to take legal proceedings.

"Quite right, doctor—quite right," said Sir Timothy. "Force me to pay you, and I will do it; but I never part with a farthing except under compulsion—it is against my principles—and I am sorry I cannot make an exception in your favor."

So Mr. Radford put the matter in the hands of a lawyer, and in due time the case came on. It was a gay day in the little country town, for the case excited a great deal of curiosity and amusement; the poor doctor, who was a general favorite, had been pitilessly chaffed, though everybody hoped for and anticipated his success; and the court was crowded with county magnates. It added to the attraction of the affair that Sir Timothy Graham, with all his faults, had the merit of being consistent. He would not employ a lawyer, but conducted his own case. Of course the doctor's solicitor was jubilant, and quoted the proverb which avers that the man who so acts has a fool for his client. "Not but what the case is clear enough," he added; "all the lawyers in London could not get him off paying up."

And, indeed, it did seem simple. The doctor was put into the witness-box, and told his story; and Sir Timothy did not question the correctness of it—on the contrary, he openly said that, to the best of his remembrance, everything had occurred exactly as described. "But," he added, "I should like to look at the document which has been alluded to, and ask the plaintiff a question or two about it."

The memorandum was handed to him, and he read it aloud:

"I promise to pay the sum of £100 to Mr. John Radford, surgeon, for attendance upon my wife, kill or cure." Exactly. Well, Mr. Radford, did you cure her?"

"No; that was impossible."

"Did you kill her?"

THE SUBALTERN'S LESSON.

SOME five years ago I was a subaltern in a marching regiment, and quartered in a large garrison-town in England. My duties consisted of the usual round of morning and afternoon parades, visiting the men's dinners and teas, and other regular work. In addition to this, we had occasionally to mount guard, and to pass twenty-four hours in a sort of half-imprisonment.

It is one of the regulations of the service that when officers or men are on guard they should always be in a state of readiness to "fall in" on parade at a moment's notice. If you feel very sleepy, and desire rest, you must take it whilst you are buttoned up to the throat, and strapped down at the heels; a lounge in an armchair, or probably a little horizontal refreshment upon a sofa, are the extent of rest which an officer on guard is supposed to indulge in.

Among my brother-subalterns in garrison, it was our usual practice to infringe upon this strict letter of the law; and when the principal part of our duty had been accomplished, we used to indulge ourselves by divesting our limbs of their armor, and seeking refreshment between the sheets of a little camp-bed that was placed in the inner guard-room.

It was part of the duties of an officer on guard to visit all the sentries during the night, the time for visiting them being usually an hour or so after the field-officer had visited the guard; the field-officer being a colonel or major who was on duty for the day, and who came once by day and once by night to visit the guards, and to see that all was as it should be. There was no exact limit to the number of times that this field-officer might visit the guards, but it was the usual thing, and had become almost a custom, for him to come once by day and once by night, so that after the last visit the subaltern usually waited an hour or so, walked round the limits of his post, visited all his sentries, and then turned into bed.

It was on a bitter cold morning in January that my turn for guard came on. I marched my men to their post, relieved the old guard, and then having gone through the regular duty and dined, endeavored to pass the time until the field-officer had visited me. The previous evening, I had been at a ball in the town, and in consequence was very tired and sleepy, and looked with considerable longing to the period when I could refresh myself by unrobing and enjoying a good snooze.

At length I heard the welcome challenge: "Who comes there?" which was answered by the response: "Rounds!" "What rounds?" "Grand rounds!" and "Guard, turn out!" was a signal which I willingly obeyed, for I knew that in about one hour afterward I should be in the arms of the god of Sleep.

Slipping on my cloak and cap, and grasping my sword, I placed myself in front of the guard, and received the field-officer, who briefly asked me if all was correct, directed me to dismiss my guard, and rode off without saying "Good-night," a proceeding that I thought rather formal. Giving directions to the sergeant to call me in an hour, for the purpose of visiting the sentries, I threw myself into my arm-chair, and tried to read a novel. The time passed very quickly, as I had a nap or two, and the

sergeant soon appeared with a lantern to conduct me round the sentries.

It was a terrible night—the wind blowing hard, whilst the snow and sleet were driving along before it. The thermometer was several degrees below freezing, and I felt that I deserved much from my country for performing so conscientiously my arduous duties. The sentries were very much scattered, and I had to walk nearly two miles to visit them all. I accomplished my task, however, and returned to the guard-room, where I treated myself to a stiff glass of grog, and throwing off my regimentals, I jumped into bed, feeling that I really deserved the luxury.

In a few minutes I was fast asleep, not even dreaming of any of my fair partners of the ball, but sound asleep. Suddenly I became conscious of a great noise, which sounded like a drum being beaten. At first I did not realize my position, and could not remember where I was, but at last it flashed across me that I was on guard, and that something was the matter. Jumping out of bed, I called to know who was there.

The sergeant answered in a great hurry, saying:

"Sir, the field-officer of the day is coming, and the guard is turning out."

I rushed to my boots, pulled them on over my unstockinged feet; thrust my sword-arm into my large regimental cloak, which I pulled over me; jammed my forage-cap on my head, and grasping my sword, looked to the outward observer as though "fit for parade."

I was just in time to receive the field-officer, who again asked me if my guard was correct. I answered, rather in a tone of surprise, and said: "Yes, sir, all correct." I could not imagine why my guard should be visited twice, as such a proceeding was very unusual, and perhaps my tone seemed to imply that I was surprised. Whether it was that, or whether a treacherous gust of wind removed the folds of my cloak, and exhibited the slightest taste in life of the end of my night-shirt, I know not; but the field-officer, instead of riding off when he received my answer, turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and said:

"Now, sir, I want you to accompany me round the sentries."

Had he told me that he wanted me to accompany him to the regions below, I should scarce have been more horror-struck, for already I had found the change of temperature between a warm bed in a warm room and the outside air; and to walk two miles on a windy, frosty night, with no raiment besides boots, night-shirt, and cloak, was really suffering for one's country, and no mistake. I dared not show the slightest hesitation, however, for fear the state of my attire might be suspected, though I would have given a week's pay to have escaped for only five minutes. A non-commissioned officer was ready with a lantern, and we started on our tour of inspection.

The field-officer asked several questions connected with the position and duties of the sentries, to which I gave answers as well as the chattering of my teeth would permit me. The most nervous work, however, was passing the gas-lamps, which were placed at intervals of one or two hundred yards. The wind was blowing so fresh that it was with difficulty I could hold my cloak around me, and conceal the absence of my under-garments. Every now and then an extra gust of wind would come round a corner, and quite defeat all the precautions which I had adopted to encounter the steady gale. I managed to dodge in the shade as much as possible, and more than once ran the risk of being kicked by the field-officer's horse, as I slunk behind him when the gas-light might have revealed too much.

It was terribly cold, to be sure, the wind and snow almost numbing my limbs. I had a kind of faint hope that the field-officer might think that I belonged to a Highland regiment, and if he did observe the scantiness of my attire, might believe that the kilt would explain it. I struggled and shivered on, knowing that all things must have an end, and that my "rounds" must come to an end before long. But I feared that I should not again get warm during the night.

We had nearly completed our tour, and were within a few hundred yards of the guard-room, when we passed the field-officer's quarters. I fondly hoped that he would not pass them, and that he would dismiss me at the door, but I was rather surprised to see a blaze of light come from the windows, and hear the sound of music. It was evident that there was a "hop" going on inside, and I already began to tremble, from a sort of instinct that even worse misfortunes were yet to attend me.

My premonitions were true, for upon reaching his door, my persecutor, in quite a cheerful tone, said:

"Well, we've had a cold tour; you must now come in, and take a glass of wine, and perhaps a waltz will warm you."

"I'm really much obliged," I hastily answered, "but I should not like to leave my guard."

"Nonsense, nonsense, man; the guard will be all right; you must come in."

This "must" he said in quite a determined tone.

I felt desperate, and again declared that I thought I should be wrong to leave my guard.

"I'll take the responsibility," said the demon;

"so come along."

Saying which, he grasped my arm, and almost dragged me into the porch of his quarters.

When we entered the house, and were exposed to the light of the hall-lamps, I fancied I saw a slight twinkle in the eye of the officer, and I began to wonder whether he really knew of my predicament, and wished to have his joke. He, however, gave no other intimations that I saw, but quickly took off his cloak, and said that I had better do the same. Seeing me hesitate, he said:

"Come, look alive; off with it."

Further remonstrance, I found, would be use-

less, so that there was no help for me but a full confession. Summoning up my courage, and fearing to hesitate, I blurted out, "Colonel, I've no trowsers on."

"The deuce you haven't!" he said. "Well, you'd better go and put them on, and then come here as soon as possible, and have a glass of something warm."

I rushed out of his quarters, half determined not to return. I was fully awake now, and shivered like a half-drowned dog; but no sooner had I dressed myself, than the colonel's servant came over to say that a quadrille was waiting for me.

I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and entered the drawing-room, where a party of about fifty had assembled. It was evident by the titters of the young ladies, the grins of the men, and the subdued smiles of the dowagers, that my story was known.

The colonel had told it as a good joke to the major, who had whispered it to his wife; she had breathed it into the ear of two of her friends, and in about ten minutes every person in the room knew that a young subaltern had unwillingly gone his rounds in his night-shirt.

As long as I staid in that garrison I was a standing joke. When the girls saw me they always looked away and smiled, and it seemed as impossible for me to obtain a serious answer from any of them as for a clown to preach a sermon.

They even seemed afraid to dance with me, fearing, as I afterward heard, to look at my legs, lest I might be deficient in some article of raiment. I soon exchanged, and went into another regiment; and years afterward heard my own adventure related in a crowded room, all the details of the story being true except the name of the performer—my misfortune having been attributed to an unfortunate fellow who died in India.

I never went to bed on guard after that night.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

A PARTY of four—geologists, photographer, telegraphist, etc.—are installed on the summit of Mount Washington for the winter, in a new and comfortable hut. They expect to be able to telegraph a storm or a clearing-up a day before it arrives on the ocean level. The War Department has given them \$1,300 worth of telegraphic supplies and meteorological instruments, and they have obtained from Government three miles of Kint telegraph cable.

WE become acquainted with the observations of the Aurora Borealis, at Bagdad, by the strange but not unaccountable circumstance that it deranged the transmission of the dispatches over the Indo-European Telegraph, and upset the telegraphic arrangements in the Ottoman dominions, where its appearance was very general. This circumstance not only prepares us for an extension of the phenomenon not generally expected, but also for its occurrence in the past, when the rare display of the Aurora in the South must have furnished prodigies for the historian. The examination of these, as of recorded comets, is worthy of being pushed.

A NEW substance, having the essential properties of tea and coffee, only in greater proportion, has been found in Brazil, and is called *guarana*. It is from the seeds of a tree, the *Paulinia sorbilis*. The fruit of this tree is scarcely as large as a walnut, and contains five or six seeds, which are roasted, then mixed with water, molded into a cylindric form, and finally dried in an oven. Before being used it is grated into a powder, very like powdered cacao in appearance. Two spoonfuls of the powder are mixed in a tumbler of water, and this drink is regarded as a stimulant to the nerves, and like strong tea or coffee is said to take away the disposition to sleep. The active chemical principle is an alkaloid identical with theine. *Guarana* contains more than double as much of this alkaloid as good black tea, and five times as much as coffee, the proportion being 5.07 per cent in *guarana*. It is rather a singular coincidence that the same alkaloid should prevail in all the principal substances employed in a similar manner as beverages in different parts of the world, in the tea of China and India, the coffee of Arabia, the cacao of Central America, the mate of South America, and the *guarana* of Brazil. *Guarana* is a nervous stimulant and restorative.

AMONG what are called the "lost arts" of the ancients is that of making malleable glass, to which we find numerous references in the old writings. But we have, in place of malleable glass, a more remarkable product—that is to say, water glass; in other words, soluble glass, which may be utilized in a variety of ways. It has all the constituents of ordinary glass, but combined in different proportions, soda and potash predominating. It may be a limpid fluid, a syrup, or jelly, or a paste, according to the objects sought.

What renders this compound especially useful is its quality of drying and hardening by heat or exposure to the air, thereby regaining its glassy qualities, and a hardness such that one kind assumes a vitreous and conchoidal fracture, and a hardness such as to give sparks on steel, without the brittleness of flint. Its fluid form allows of its being applied as a paint or varnish for numerous purposes of use or beauty. It is employed instead of ordinary paint for covering the guns and other iron objects at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Wood, having absorbed sufficient quantity of the stuff, becomes harder and more durable, and interesting experiments have been made in railroads with prepared wooden rails instead of iron; while for fence-posts, railroad sleepers, wharf piles, and endless other purposes where wood is exposed to decay, the use of wood saturated with glass is of immense advantage. It is known that silica is to be treated as an acid, and a peculiarity of alkalies is that the more potent and biting of them take acids from their weaker brethren when the three are brought together. Thus, when we mix the silicate of potassa or soda with lime, the lime takes up a quantity of silica and forms a silicate of lime, which is nearly or quite insoluble. Thus with sand, lime, and water glass, we get a hard, durable stone, proof against weather and atmosphere, fire and water. The mass is of course pasty when first manufactured, and may be molded and worked like so much putty. So here we have a

splendid future in the fabrication of tiles, building-blocks, architectural moldings and ornaments, statues, vessels, linings of cisterns, and a thousand other matters of use and of beauty. By using an admixture of alumina or clay, we get a so-called hydraulic cement, or one which hardens under water.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MRS. GENERAL N. P. BANKS and children will spend the present winter in Italy.

THE Postmaster-General, in his report, recommends the introduction of postal cards.

MRS. HORACE GREELEY and her daughter spend the winter on the Isle of Wight, England.

COMMODORE ASHBURY, of the English yacht Cambria, sailed for England on Wednesday last.

VICTORIA has peremptorily ordered the Prince of Wales to attend the Cabinet Councils.

MRS. LUELLA GROSS has just died in Maine, after having used tobacco nearly a hundred years.

THE widow and two daughters of Nathaniel Hawthorne are now living in Kensington, England.

THE daughters of Baron Gerolt and Senor Romero will soon take the veil for perpetual convent life.

HON. JOHN P. HALE walks painfully through the streets of Dover, N. H., his right side being paralyzed.

KNOWING ones think the Marquis of Lorne will become Governor-General of Canada after his marriage.

PROFESSOR ALBERT HOPKINS, of Williams College, has been made a F.R.S. for his astronomical discoveries.

MRS. ANSON BURLINGAME is at present residing at Frankfort-on-the-Main with her youngest son and daughter.

THE residents of the Dominion of Canada are preparing a testimonial for presentation to Sir John McDonald.

MR. SUMNER is hinted at as the proper person to represent the United States in the proposed congress of nations.

MRS. SARA J. NEAL is a candidate for Clerk of the Kansas Senate, in which capacity she served the House last winter.

THE Prince Imperial of France and Prince Arthur of England exchange friendly visits, and appear pleased therewith.

AFTER frequent solicitation, the Spanish Government has accepted the resignation of Captain-General de Rodas, of Cuba.

THE Duke of Aosta has officially notified the deputation of the Spanish Cortes of his acceptance of the Spanish crown, on the 5th.

GODARD, the aeronaut, is superintending the air-line travel from Paris, and has two hundred men and women working on balloons.

GENERAL TROCHU expresses himself highly pleased at the management of the American Ambulance Corps with the French army.

PILONE, the most notorious bandit of Italy, has at last been slain by the gendarmes, who had dodged his tracks for several years.

THE semi-centennial anniversary of Judge Nelson's connection with the bench will probably be commemorated by the bar of New York.

THE engagement of Minister Motley's daughter to Algernon Sheridan, the third son of R. Brinsley Sheridan, is announced in England.

HON. JOHN W. NORTH, formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, has just started at the head of a colony for San Bernardino, Cal.

MADAME GARCIA, wife of the Argentine Minister, gave the first of her series of evening receptions at Washington on the 5th. A brilliant company assembled.

REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD is reforming the fallen women of New Haven. She is seen walking arm-in-arm with them, and is meeting with considerable success.

NILSSON, a Swede, is accompanied by Miss Cary, an American; Miss Krebs, a German; Vieux-temps, a Belgian; Brignoli, an Italian; and Maretzek, an Austrian.

THE Bishop of Gloucester uses the new postal cards in his correspondence with his clergy, but baffles inquisitive postmen by writing the communications in Latin.

IT is expected that the receptions to be given at Washington this season by Madame Catacza, wife of the Russian Minister, will exceed in elegance and novelty all others.

REV. DR. ROBINSON, late pastor of the American Chapel in Paris, has accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church corner of Fifty-fifth street and Lexington avenue, New York.

THE President gave a dinner at the White House on the 5th, in honor of Vice-Admiral Rowan. Many of the prominent officers of the navy were present with their wives and daughters.

MINISTER MOTLEY has received an autograph letter from the Queen of Holland tendering him the free use of one of her elegant mansions at the Hague, to enable him to continue his literary labors.

HON. FRANCISCO PAREAGA, formerly Consul-General to this country from New Granada, died in New York last week. He was a fine scholar, and had held many positions of high honor during life.

SIMON AVILOS, who landed, as a soldier, with the



FRANCE.—AN INCIDENT OF SEDAN—DE FAILLY'S CAMP AT SAUMUR.



SEA AND SHORE.

She sits by the western window,
Her baby close to her breast,
And sings of a ship that went sailing
Out in the rosy West.
And she sings to her child of the father
Who sailed so far away
That his ship has never sailed back again
To the harbor in the bay.

"Wind of the West," she sings, softly,
"Blow o'er the tranquil sea,
And bring from my sailor a loving thought,
And bring him back to me.
Blew from the rosy sunset,
Breeze of the far-off West,
And hasten my sailor home to me
And his baby at my breast."

Oh! well that her eyes can see not
The wreck on the rocky shore,
And the white, dead face in the twilight,
That her eyes shall see no more.
She will wait at many a sunset,
With her baby at her breast,
But her sailor will never come back again
Out of the far, far West.

THE LOST LINK;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF

CHAPTER XIX.

MEANWHILE Olivia had been performing her task in the saloon that was to be the ball-room of the evening. Swiftly her hands pursued their task, and her thoughts traveled even more rapidly than her fingers—far, far into the future; the future of Algernon, of Lady Alice, of herself.

No wonder that the tears fell on the green leaves, and that the golden and white and crimson berries of the floral treasures in her lap were shining with the heart's grief which poured itself on them in unconscious rivalry of the glittering drops of early dew that still lingered there.

So deeply was the young girl engrossed in her occupation, and the sad thoughts to which the musings had given rise, that she did not hear footsteps behind her till she felt a heavy hand laid on her shoulder, and a coarse voice exclaimed.

"Hollo, youngster, where's Lady Alice?"

A shudder ran through the girl's frame at the sound of that odious voice. It was Lord Rushbrooke who stood behind her.

She rose hurriedly, and the remaining branches fell from her lap on the floor.

"Oh, you are frightened, are you?" he said, with a loud laugh. "I understand. You think you're going to have another lesson on obstinacy and insolence at my hands. But you're wrong for once. I have other plans in my head, and other ways of carrying them out; and that was one thing which I came to say; you're fond of that young fellow, Algernon Dacre, are you not?" he asked, abruptly.

"I am very grateful to him," said the girl, firmly; "I owe him my life, and I would give it for him willingly."

"All very well—all very well!" he sneered. "But if that's the case, I'd advise you to take another tack, and not worm yourself into Lady Alice's good graces, and be a go-between for him with her. I tell you, it will be certain ruin and disgrace if he ever dares to think of her as a wife. Mind you, I don't want her; that's quite another affair. But I swear by all that is sacred, that not only you, but he, shall suffer, if I find out any more underhand dealing. Now, do you understand me? You don't look like a fool."

"I understand you perfectly," she said.

"And will you attend to what I say?"

"No," she replied, undauntedly.

He grasped her arm in his strong fingers, but the next moment dropped it.

"Then you'll bring him and yourself to ruin, by your obstinacy," he said.

"I care nothing for myself, she replied, firmly. "And as to Captain Dacre, he knows best."

The blood rushed over the viscount's leaden face.

"Hark ye," said he. "Any one would think me an idiot to trouble myself about you; but I've reasons of my own for the folly. I fancy there's something queer in your elf-look, that's like no other child's I ever saw, and you may play elfin pranks if I don't look out. Listen! I am telling you the truth. I can bring your wonderful friend down to the very dust in shame and disgrace; and, by heaven, I will, unless you promise me to abstain from carrying on this game between them."

Olivia was perfectly self-possessed now. Her slight form fronted the massive nobleman with an indomitable spirit, speaking in every feature, in the slightest gesture.

"My lord," she said, quietly, "be so kind as to leave me, or to let me pass. Lady Alice desired me to finish these garlands, and she will not be pleased if I am interrupted in my task."

"Oh!—and you'd go and tell her, I suppose," he said; "but you had better not."

"I shall not distress Lady Alice by such idle tales, my lord," replied Olivia, calmly; "but you have had my answer. I shall do nothing that you desire, and I shall do all that I am bound to do for those who protect me from hardships and inept. That is all that I have to say."

"Dare you tell me that you left Lady Alice alone when you came here?" he asked.

Olivia was silent.

"No, I see," he continued; "you are a very nice covering—an excellent cat's-paw for them; but the fool is drawing a thunderbolt on his head. I'd have saved him from being worse than he is—an actual beggar, if he had not

been so duncedly insolent. But he'll be kicked out of all decent society; that's one comfort. And now, since you're such an obstinate little fool, you can finish your rubbishing work, and hang yourself in it, for aught I care."

He strode from the room, and Olivia sank down once more on the floor as he closed the door behind him.

"I will serve him," she said—"serve him at the very cost of happiness and life; his friends shall be mine, his enemies shall be mine, and every faculty that is in me shall be used in his defense and service. Nothing shall be too hard for me to attempt for my preserver."

Olivia finished her work, and was just contemplating it with some satisfied taste and pride, when Mrs. Ross entered, intent on the preparations for the evening's entertainment.

"Dear me, Miss Olivia," she began, "is that you? Why, I could hardly see you in this large room. And you have made these pretty garlands with those little fingers, have you? Why, it must have hurt them terribly. Let me see. There is blood on one of your hands. I will bind it up for you, my dear."

The motherly housekeeper took the small, gracefully-shaped, if somewhat dark palm, into her own capacious hands, and gazed pityingly on the wound. It was but a trifling scratch that some of the prickly branches had made, nothing to excite the extreme attention and prolonged examination that the good woman bestowed on the little hand. Yet she held it for some seconds ere she relinquished it; and when Olivia, half smiling, assured her that the wound was not worth even a moment's thought, she scarcely replied to the child.

"No, my dear, now I see. But what a funny mark you have got on your little hand, my dear! It's for all the world like a half-moon."

She spoke with a smile; but her eyes rested anxiously on the child while waiting for an answer.

"Oh, it was always there, I believe," said Olivia. "Captain Dacre calls it a crescent, and says I am a little Mohammedian. I do not remember my hand without it, Mrs. Ross; so I do not think it can have been any hurt, unless it was done when I was very little indeed."

Mrs. Ross still kept a persevering questioning examination of the trivial mark, that seemed entirely disproportionate to its importance; and yet it was a remarkable stamp, of Nature's own writing, in the tiny hand; a deeply impressed figure of a half-moon, or as Algernon might correctly call it, a crescent, in a color which was at times pale pink, and at others deep red, just in the palm of the hand, so placed that only a minute and close survey of the delicate texture of that smooth flesh could fully reveal it. Even Olivia herself often forgot it, and at intervals could not even detect its presence. Yet there it was, unmistakable, clear, and sharply defined; and the girl almost laughed at the grave face of the old housekeeper.

"What is it, Mrs. Ross?" she said. "Where did you ever see it before?"

"Where did I see it?" she said; "where did I see it? Years, long years since, in the hand of a son of this race, the old Earl of Ashton. There was a legend connected with it, that I will tell you some day. But I hear some one coming. I must go. There, make haste—we will talk about the legend some other time."

She half pushed the reluctant Olivia from the room; but as she walked slowly herself to her own apartment, she muttered, "It is strange, very strange. Poor little creature? No wonder that she has such odd, weird looks and ways."

In how different a spirit was the dialogue passing that instant between Lord Rushbrooke and Isabel Abdy, in the gallery where the game of "La Grace" was to be played.

"You are wonderfully interested in these same dark beauties, my lord," said Isabel, pettishly; "but of course it is no wonder in one case. An incipient countess must run off with all hearts, and turn all heads, even were she as plain as Olivia herself."

Isabel, tell me, do you really think that there is any chance of Lady Alice's persisting in such madness? Mind you, I don't want to know for myself. I wouldn't marry her if she were an empress; and besides, I don't want either her rank or wealth. Still, he shall not have her, for two reasons—one of which is, that he was insolent enough to admire my pretty Isabel. And till he is safe, I shall hold myself in *terrem*, as it were, over his head, and not settle myself in the noose."

"I understand you perfectly," she said.

"And will you attend to what I say?"

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"My lord," she said, quietly, "be so kind as to leave me, or to let me pass. Lady Alice desired me to finish these garlands, and she will not be pleased if I am interrupted in my task."

"None that I know of," she replied; "and I really don't care or remember much about it. But I fancy I have heard something about the clothes she was found in being saved, and that papa took care of them in some especial and mysterious way. But they had not even a mark, as I have understood; so they would not do much but prove that she really had baby clothes belonging to her once on a time."

"Ha, ha! very good! capital!" laughed the viscount. "She is forward little upstart, under such circumstances, I must say—quite like her gallant preserver—oh, Miss Abdy! Well, we understand each other now, don't we, Isabel? and, as soon as matters are all safe in this quarter, I shall come down in proper style, you know. You'll stay with Lady Driffield all the winter, won't you? and then we shall meet again at the coming of age, and we can settle everything between ourselves without being

bored with fathers, and all that slow work, you see."

"I am so sure of your honor, Lord Rushbrooke," she said, "that I will, for your sake, violate the strict rules of my sex and position, and keep our engagement secret till my return to Alyvyn."

The viscount, as in duty bound, kissed the hand that rested so confidingly on his arm; but, as she turned to resume the game that was presumed to occupy them, a queer smile crossed his heavy features, that, had she seen, she might not have liked.

It was indeed an odd mixture of gratified vanity, jealousy, clumsy helplessness, and sullen designs, that had drawn Lord Rushbrooke into a sort of engagement with Isabel Abdy. She could further his designs, give him the information he wanted in his absence, and play a desirable part in his forlorn hope of winning Lady Alice into some more gracious mood; and, as she was very lovely, very willing to more than respond to his advances, and to amuse him, the union of expediency and inclination was complete.

CHAPTER XX.

HELEN TRENCHARD was seated in the same accustomed corner as when we first saw her in that lone cottage.

"He is late," she murmured, "very late. Surely there has been no difficulty, no treachery on that villain's part."

The fire blazed fiercely in the large open grate. Helen's chair was drawn near to its scorching heat; and yet the very thought made her shiver. Surely Mark was very dear to the invalid's heart.

At length the crackling of leaves and the rustling of boughs told the quick-eared listener that some one approached, even before the sound of footsteps confirmed the impression.

In another second Mark Trenchard opened the door, and Helen's hands were eagerly extended in welcome, even though she could not rise to meet the new-comer.

Mark advanced carelessly, and touched the trembling fingers with a light, scarcely-felt pressure.

"Well, Aunt Helen, are you better since my absence?" he asked. "Anyway, there is money enough to purchase the advice of a whole college of surgeons, if that will do you any good; and I must say I owe you something for your advice in the affair."

"Owe me something?" she repeated; "owe me something?" And a wan look of pain crossed her like a shadow. Then she seemed to check the transient weakness, whatever its cause might be, and pointing to a chair, she said, quietly, "Then, of course, all is right. He did not fall you."

"Why, no, I rather think not," replied Mark. "He'd have been in a queer place if he had, and that Geoffrey Dacre could comprehend as well as any one. But even now I do not quite understand the power you have exercised, nor how you came to fish out so much useful knowledge. And now all's done, and the money's right and safe, and I am so far in the secret, you might give me a notion of the truth; eh, auntie?"

"What can you want now? My boy is a gentleman at last," and she laughed, but there was more triumph than joy in its sound.

"Well, yes, that's true enough," said the young man; "but there's one thing to be managed yet. Now, why can't you tell a fellow, who has done you ample credit, as you cannot but say—why can't you tell me a little of his history? I never knew my father, nor mother either, for that matter. You have been about the only relative I ever knew; and that would scarcely be a letter of introduction into men's houses or to their daughters, when I want a wife. Come, auntie, it's the very evening for the tale, if there is a tale attached, as I believe. And, now that I have got the whole affair settled and the papers safe, there can be no objection to my knowing all."

Helen's face had turned ashen white as he spoke.

"Boy—don't, don't; I will not—I cannot!" she gasped. "At least let me have one left to close my eyes with respect and gratitude; at least let me keep a vail over the wretched past, now that it is buried in the grave."

"Well, as to that," said Mark, "there's not much to fear, I should think, after the neat little trick that we have played—or rather, which you have counseled, and I have carried out. Not quite a sheet of white paper can your conscience or mine be. I am not thin-skinned, though I have no compunction for fleecing such a wolf; but when one comes to talk of—"

"Silence, boy!" she cried. "Mark, if I have sinned, it has been chiefly for you; if I have cherished and carried out deep, patient schemes of vengeance, it was for your sake; if I have lingered out my years of misery, it was that I might see you in prosperity ere I closed my eyes on this weary world. Mark, Mark, beware! You have been my idol—the only thing, save revenge, that I have lived for. But a tigress has been known to murder her young ere now; and such might be my case, if the last drop of gentle tenderness were turned to bitterness and gall."

Mark listened in astonishment, and an uneasy doubt shot through his brain.

"Then you won't give me a peep into the great world?" he said. "Is it that you think it might brand me with even worse than utter obscurity, if you shared your secret with me?"

She moved restlessly in her chair, and her hands clutched the ends of the shawl in which she was wrapped, as if to relieve the irritation of her long, thin fingers.

"Mark," said she, "you have gentle blood in your veins—more than gentle. It is enough. Pshaw! you know not the world yet. Prove your independence; show that your means are ample, and that you can spend with your fellows, and keep a wife as a lady; and then no

one will ask who was your father. He is dead, dead!—what could he avail?"

"But your father—my father's father—what of him, aunt? What of him? Had he the gentle blood of which you bid me boast?"

A low wall rose from the buried face as it sank in the cushions which supported her.

"Boy, silence! or I will snatch from you the wealth that I have procured for you!" she cried. Then she raised her head, and her face regained the proud, determined look it usually wore, as she continued: "It is enough, Mark. I have resolved that not one word of the truth shall ever pass my lips to you so long as I draw breath. It may be that I might be forced to change my purpose; it may be that when I am gone you may learn something of the truth; but, for the present, I would have my tongue cut from its roots rather than reveal the whole miserable past. Now let us speak of other things—of him. Have you gathered aught of his plans, his wishes, his purposes, in his new rank and dreary wealth?"

"Well," said Mark, "I have a shrewd guess, from a few words that I once heard, that his next idea will be to bring a Lady Dacre to the Abbey, and that she is already fixed upon."

"Who?" asked his aunt.

Mark paused ere he replied.

"Well, Aunt Helen," said he, "I don't relish this one-sided reciprocity, to use an Irishism. You drain every drop of information out of a fellow, while you are as close and rusty as an old lock. I have acted as a man, and a brave and unscrupulous man; why treat me as a boy—a child?"

Helen Trenchard lay back in her chair for a few minutes, and the old preoccupied air, as if gazing into vacancy, came over her. She might have sat for a portrait of the witches of old, with that fixed, piercing look in those finely molded features. Even Mark dared not disturb her reverie. At last she started as from a dream.

"Mark," she said, in liquid mellow tones, that he had never heard addressed to him before—"Mark, I will not blight your young life by the griefs and the deep wrongs that have made me what I am. For your sake I will throw off the wearing infirmities of years, and dare the worst. But in return for what I am about to sacrifice, to suffer for your sake, I demand—I implore, if you will—the confidence and the respect of an adopted son; and, as far as the Dacres are concerned, I have a right, an absolute right, to know the truth. Who is this girl, and what has attracted that rugged nature to her?"

"I suspect it is hate as much as love," replied Mark, smilingly. "It is certainly a tempting prize for any one to grasp at; but I believe it is the more alluring because coveted by another. The Lady Alice Compton, heiress of Ashton, bids fair to be a second Helen of Troy, so far as strife between the brothers is concerned. The youngest is favored by love as much as the elder is by fortune, so far as I gathered from the stray sentences that met my ears. Do you understand now?"

Helen Trenchard's face lighted up with an unnatural blaze.

"She is beloved by both?" she asked, "and loves the younger? Is that what you would say?"

Mark nodded, and Helen laughed aloud. Mark shuddered as he listened,

Mark was gone, and once more she was alone with her thoughts and brooding schemes.

"Can it be?" she murmured. "It seems to be my bitterest punishment. And will the sword I have suspended over others pierce my own soul? Alas, alas! But it is too late now—too late, I must go on in the path I have marked out for myself."

Helen fell into a deep musing, that seemed to decide, in some measure, the course of her future action. When she rose and sounded a bell, which brought her attendant to her, there was no trace of indecision or repentance in her manner. The girl was fairly petrified by the change in her invalid mistress.

"Dear me, you can walk to-day, Miss Helen," she said; "and I declare, your eyes and cheeks are as bright as if you were quite young again."

"Is it so?" she said, with a smile. "Well, there have been such changes before now, and you may expect greater surprises before long. But listen, girl! Will your father be ready to drive me over to the Abbey the day after to-morrow? I must see Sir Geoffrey on business; but I do not care to trouble Mr. Mark."

"Certainly, Miss Helen," replied the girl.

"Then desire him to be here at ten," she said, "and get my black silk ready for me, Lizzie—I must wear mourning, you know."

The girl was perplexed by the wild manner of her mistress. But Helen Trenchard was not one who could brook questioning or control, and the maid silently proceeded to put the order in execution.

Two days later, and Sir Geoffrey Dacre was closeted for one hour or more with the singular woman who had exerted so strange an influence over his father's actions and life. When the conference was over, to the astonishment of the domestics he attended the humbly clad visitor to her unpretending equipage.

"Then you will carry out my instructions and fulfill your bond?" she said, in a low voice, as he placed her in the vehicle.

"To the letter," he replied; "rely on me."

"I do," she observed. "I rely on your interest keeping you faithful. Adieu! The slightest dereliction from our engagement will be fatal to the interests of both."

He bowed with a degree of respect that was strangely deferential under their respective circumstances, and then the conveyance drove off.

A few days later, and the cottage in the wood changed its tenants. The invalid lady, who had so long been its inhabitant, was gone. And the little maid, who had been her attendant, with her father, were the substitutes to whom its keeping was entrusted.

The change excited little attention, for the secluded dwelling had few to interest themselves in its proceedings. Still, there were some who wondered at the magical amendment in the "sick lady," and who came for curiosity's sake to see the tenement so long closed to any neighboring eyes. They were disappointed, however. The door was locked, and the only sign of life in the dwelling was the fierce barking of a Newfoundland dog. The mystery that had hung over it bade fair to envelop it still.

CHAPTER XXI.

WINTER had passed. The first flowers of early spring had ended their brief lives; and already the birds and blossoms and leaves bade fair to grace, with unusual beauty, the eighteenth birthday of the heiress of Compton Castle. It was indeed a coming of age, and the preparations for its celebration were in keeping with the importance of the occasion, and with the loveliness of the fair young creature to whom honor was thus to be paid.

Mrs. Ross had said that she could manage to accommodate forty persons in the Castle, and the good lady's powers appeared likely to be tested on the occasion; for from far and near guests were expected, to make visits of more or less duration, and the gentry of the neighborhood were all to be gathered at a large ball on the birthnight of the daughter of the Comptons.

Algernon Dacre had been bidden, but he excused himself till after the first burst of festivities had passed over.

"I have had too much cause for gravity and depression of spirits lately, my dear lord," he wrote, "to be a fit member of so gay a party; but, later in the revels, when most of your guests have departed, and the brilliant festivities are toned down to a more sober joyousness, I shall gratefully accept your invitation, and offer my tardy but heartfelt wishes for the happiness of Lady Alice."

Such was the answer read aloud by the earl at the breakfast-table one morning early in March.

Alice listened with mingled regret and approval. The earl noticed the passing shadow.

"You like Mr. Dacre very much, Alice?" said he.

She did not attempt to avert her face from her father's questioning as she replied, "Very much, papa. I like no one of our friends so well."

"It is natural, my love, as he saved your life," said her father. "But still, he will scarcely be missed from the brilliant throng who will surround my fair child."

"Surround the heiress, papa," said the girl, bitterly. "Papa, remember your promise. You will not encourage any of these idle devotees, who pretend such homage for the daughter of Lord Ashton, but who would never have bestowed a thought on Alice Dorville."

"My dear, but—"

"Hush, papa," she interrupted; "I am not so capricious and willful as I seem; but I am too proud to be a satellite to a less glorious star than the star of Compton."

The earl smiled sadly on the eager girl.

"I agree with you in part, Alice," he replied, "but only in part. The heiress of my fortunes must not throw herself, like a poor, lost nothing, at the head of a man who has not

proved himself at once disinterested and worthy. Do you understand me, Alice?"

"I do, papa," she replied.

"It is well, my love," said her father. "I have given you my word that no one shall as yet be pressed on you, or even visibly encouraged by me; and, in return, I ask you to allow your judgment and heart to be open to the various claims that will be placed before you in the coming assemblage of our friends."

He smiled so proudly and tenderly, that Alice could scarcely resist such fondness and indulgence.

"By-the-way," resumed Lord Ashton, "young Dacre's elder brother will be here among the first arrivals. You remember our meeting him at Lord Rushbrooke's coming of age, when you were almost a child, and still simple Alice Dorville. They are great friends, and he will accompany your unlucky admirer. If he combines his brother's good qualities with the estates and ancient name, he might, perhaps, meet, rather more adequately, my ideas for you."

Alice smiled; and then she sought the solitude of her own room, with a far more thoughtful step and graver air than was her wont. But as she passed near Olivia's apartments on her way, she heard the girl's rich voice singing the air that ever began or ended the morning's musical practice. It was the "Heart, mine heart, why then so sad?"—the air that Algernon Dacre so loved, and Alice stopped for some moments and listened. As the strain ceased she passed on, but a vague uneasiness, that could only arise from self-distrust, possessed her. Had she firmness to abide the test? Had she trust and self-reliance to wait for Algernon's fulfillment of his pledge, and to believe that, through good report and evil report, he was worthy of her entire confidence? Her lips, perhaps her inclination, said "Yes," but her inward heart replied "No."

DE FAILLY'S CAMP SURPRISED AT BEAUMONT.

We continue our spirited and accurate pictorial history of the war. The surprise of De Failly's camp at Beaumont, near Sedan, was the beginning of that series of defeats which culminated in the capture of the French army. In this disastrous surprise the miserable De Failly is rumored to have been killed by his own troops. Our large view has for its principal incident the Prussians conducting their prisoners. Further back, the eminence of Beaumont is seen covered with the spoils of the camp, removing in every kind of conveyance to the Prussian quarters.

THE PONTIFICAL OR ROMAN STATES.

A RESUME of the history and extent of the Papal territory, considering the political and social changes which it has undergone within the past few days, and which have made Rome again the capital of Italy, will, we think, prove interesting to our readers.

The Pontifical States, as a separate power, date their existence from the middle of the eighth century. Long before this period, however, the Bishop of Rome had acquired vast ecclesiastical influence, and, under the name of Pope, claimed to be the supreme visible head and spiritual guide of Christendom; but his temporal possessions lay within a very narrow compass. The basis of the Pope's temporal power was laid by the successive donations of Pepin, Charlemagne, and the Emperor Henry III., but was not consolidated until the pontificate of Julius II., who died in 1513. During the sixteenth century the Reformation commenced, and ultimately freed the better half of Europe from spiritual thralldom. The Pope thus not only lost some of his richest sources of revenue, but was compelled silently to withdraw many of his most arrogant pretensions, and descend from his lofty eminence, as king of kings, to the comparatively humble station of sovereign of the Pontifical States.

The French Revolution of 1789 deprived the Pope of Avignon and Venassian, and in 1797 his domain was still further diminished by the Legations or counties ceded to the Cisalpine Republic. In 1808 Napoleon I. divided the other States between Italy and France; but in 1814 they were restored to the Pope, with the sole exception of Avignon. In 1847, Plus IX., the Pope recently dethroned, established a constitutional parliament, consisting of ninety-nine deputies selected by the people; but these arrangements were overthrown by the revolution of 1848, and the Pope himself compelled to flee his dominions (November 24). After the failure of the revolutionary party, Plus returned to Rome, where he was maintained in authority chiefly by the aid of Napoleon's chassepots.

The present war between France and Prussia, in compelling Napoleon to withdraw his troops from Rome, gave Italy her long-wished for opportunity. And the entrance of the Italian troops into the Eternal City realized the dreams of Italian patriots for years.

The territory of the Roman States comprised the central part of the Italian Peninsula. It was bounded on the north by Austrian Italy; east by the Adriatic Sea; southeast, by Naples; southwest, by the Mediterranean Sea; west, by Tuscany; and northwest, by Modena. It extends from latitude 41 deg. 15 min. to 45 deg. north; longitude from 10 deg. 50 min. to 14 deg. east. Its shape from north to south is very irregular. From the mouth of the river Cape Circeo its length is 280 miles. Its greatest breadth, from Ancona, on the Adriatic, to Civita Vecchia, on the Mediterranean, is 140 miles.

The least breadth, from the northeast corner of Tuscany to the coast of the Adriatic, is not more than eighteen miles. The total area—including the isolated territories of Benevento and Pontecorvo, inclosed by Naples, and excluding the small territory of San Marino, which now forms an independent republic—of the Roman States is 17,210 square miles. In 1859, by cession to other powers, conquest and other causes, the territory of the Pope was reduced to 3,000 square miles, and the population, which, in 1850, was over three millions, likewise dwindled down to less than seven hundred thousand, of which Rome contained one hundred and fifty thousand.

The central portion is traversed by the Apennine Mountains, which send off several branches both to the east and west. The northern and southern portions are in general flat and marshy, affording good pasture for cattle.

The coast line is about 370 miles, of which 210 miles are on the Adriatic, and 160 miles on the Mediterranean. Its best harbors are those of Ancona and Civita Vecchia. The principal rivers are the Po, Tiber

(on which Rome is situated), and Marta—the two latter emptying into the Mediterranean, and the former into the Adriatic. All the large lakes are on the Mediterranean side. The most important of these are Perugia, Bolsena, and Bracciano. The principal marshes are the Comacchio and Pontine.

The climate varies greatly in different quarters. In the counties north of the Apennines the winter is very severe, while in the south the temperature is very mild, being rarely subjected to a fall of snow. The region of the Campagna of Rome would be a blooming garden but for the blighting effects of the miasma. The influence of the sirocco is often severely felt on the southern coast, and would be insupportable were it not tempered by the breezes from the sea and mountains.

The soil is in general possessed of much fertility, and if properly cultivated would yield very heavy crops of all kinds. The chief crops are wheat, maize or Indian corn, pulse, hemp, wine, oil, and tobacco. In the extreme south, sugar, indigo and cotton are cultivated to a small extent, and cork trees are numerous. Besides the ordinary fruits, the orange, citron and pomegranate are common, and the date is occasionally met with.

Manufactures have made but little progress, and are confined to a few domestic articles of prime necessity.

Inland trade is very much impeded for want of navigable streams and canals and good roads, the latter being often infested with banditti. Its foreign trade was formerly considerable. The merchant marine, in 1851, consisted of 863 large vessels, with an aggregate burden of 28,204 tons, and 567 smaller vessels, whose tonnage is unknown.

For administrative purposes, the Pontifical States are divided into one *comarca*, seven *legazioni* (legations), and twelve *delegazioni* (delegations). The government is administered by boards, or *congregazioni*, presided over by a Cardinal-Secretary of State as Prime Minister, who is, however, subject to the Pope, who is the temporal as well as the spiritual head, or some officer appointed by him. The sovereign, who bears the name of Pope, or Papa, must be a cardinal-priest, and is chosen for life by his fellow-cardinals, who constitute what is called the Sacred College, and must be all priests.

In conclusion, we may state that the Pope has consented to receive the salary of 50,000 francs which King Victor Emmanuel has allowed him, and remain the spiritual head of the Catholic Church.

PLUMS FROM BOOKS.

MR. WILLIAMSON has published "Journeys in North China, Manchuria," etc. He visited the famous temples of Do-la-nor, and witnessed some of the ceremonials there:

"The musical instruments were of the most extraordinary kind; they had buffalo horns, bugles, and drums of all sizes—some so big that a man might live in them; cymbals, bells, flutes, whistles, and I know not what else. But the crowning wonder to me was two trumpets, each of which was about twelve feet long, with a mouth two feet in diameter; they were mounted on small wheeled carriages, like guns, and the players reclined upon the ground when blowing. Notwithstanding the heterogeneous mixture of instruments, the music was capital, though sometimes almost overpowering. There were two chief priests, standing at the main door a few feet from me, who alternately took the position of leader, and, by the waving of their hands and gestures of their body, led the ceremonies. They were dressed in beautiful yellow robes, with a gorgeous helmet, of the same shape as the old Greek helmet. They conducted the music most creditably; and it was no mean performance; the chanting was beautiful, and done *con amore*. While we stood at the door, coolies, with large pails of weak tea, gradually assembled; when at a signal the performance ceased, the coolies entered with their pails, each to his appointed row, and the priests, taking a small cup from their bosoms, drank their allowance. Thus refreshed, they recommended, and the performance was grander than ever; at the close, they all rose, and marched in solemn procession before the chief idol, bowed themselves, and then retired. The instruments at the door were praying-machines; the worshippers, as they entered, turned them round, and thus performed their devotions. Prayers are pasted both on the inside and outside of the barrels, which, being turned round, the prayers are presented, as they suppose, to their god; and the oftener they turn their praying-machines the more devout they esteem themselves."

THE EGG AND ITS GENERAL STRUCTURE.

In the whole range of anatomical or physiological science, there is no point connected with the grand investigations which have been made from time to time into the wondrous mechanism of our supremely Godlike and marvelously constructed system, which maintains a more profound or firmer hold upon the inquiring mind than the scheme of oviparous generation. Much as we should like to impart to the fullest of our weak ability what knowledge we possess upon this most interesting subject, we find so much of it partakes of a surgical character as not to be admissible in these pages; for during our researches into the total operations of the system of incubation, we were led almost without knowing it, far beyond what could be gleaned in the development of the embryo chick; and thus we were necessitated to trace out and follow up the process, not only in the feathered tribes, but as it exists in nearly every portion of the animal kingdom, from the most inconsiderable, the minutest of the insect tribes, to the grandest form as it exists in the human family, and to the huge monsters which inhabit both land and sea. Such is, however, the position in which all creatures stand with respect to the mighty order once sent forth and for ever sealed as the true process by which the earth is to be replenished with living creatures. Although we shall hereafter show that there are certain restrictions or limits to this mighty principle, yet in its vital points the rule holds good.

We will now turn to the structure of the egg-shell, and we will once more direct attention to the remarks we have previously made upon this portion of our subject, when describing our reasons for insisting on a due supply of fresh air during incubation. When examined under the microscope, we find the shell is not what it appears to be at first sight, simply a brittle crust, but is made of several parts, the basis of which is a soft and web-like mazy structure, made of minute divisible particles in irregular layers, the interstices of which are to a certain extent filled up by particles of lime of a polygonal form, so disposed as to leave innumerable fine pores to fulfill the office of respiration, and are built up somewhat in an arched or keyed form, as masons would place their stones or bricks when building a bridge; by this means immense strength is obtained by reason of its form and construction, to resist an almost unreasonable amount of pressure when directed from without, if applied from end to end, as it is well known the strongest man cannot break an egg between his hands if evenly applied that way; on the contrary, from the natural weakness of such an arch within the dome, the chick within the shell is able very readily to apply its beak and its strength against its inner crust, and thus force its way out.

What can be more perfect than these two provisions? the one, whilst it provides against an undue pressure from without, induces an opposite condition from the necessities of its requirements within. This condition is not observable unless the shell is properly prepared for the purpose; a small portion must be soaked in dilute acetic acid to get rid of the calcareous particles, when the soft base of the shell may be dealt with in any way desirable for examination; the whole of the mass will be found capable of division, and can be torn or separated so as to display its several parts; and will be found a most interesting object under the microscope.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE California rainy season is on.

PHILADELPHIA has sixty-one millionaires.

PHILADELPHIA has a Mormon service every Sunday.

St. Paul, Minn., built \$644,000 worth of edifices this year.

ALL large European towns are said to have "Homes for Consumptives."

THE citizens of Boston are soon to hold a fair in aid of French sufferers.

THE province of Cibao, San Domingo, has rebelled against General Baez.

THE General Post-office in London pays its letter-sorts six shillings a week.

THE Minnesota farmers were plowing their lands on the first day of December.

THE Massachusetts House has abolished capital punishment—vote, 121 to 89.

THE Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, was lately burned, involving \$250,000 loss.

THE Germans do not shoot captured Franc-tireurs, but put them to road-making.

EIGHT HUNDRED Russian lady writers are mentioned in Prince Galatzin's "List."

EACH town and city in Chemung County, N. Y., is hereafter to support its own poor.

EIGHTY-SIX THOUSAND Alaska seal-skins arrived at San Francisco for the season of 1869.

CIRCUS proprietors complain that there is no money in the South—and too many revolvers.

DIAMONDS, it is said, are lower by thirty per cent. in London, owing to sales by French exiles.

FRENCH "official" reports of German losses already amount to two million men—slain with the pen.

SIR CHARLES BRIGHT's cable expedition has reached St. Thomas, on the way to Jamaica via Porto Rico.

THE auroras of November, in England as well as here, seriously affected the telegraphic communication.

NINE loads of shot were required to settle the Texas bull that broke its leg in a West Kansas city "cattle-guard."

THE police of Altoona, Pa., supply bar-rooms with official lists of persons to whom liquor may not be sold.

THE annual New York State Poultry Show commenced in this city December 14th, and will continue to the 22d.

THE Portage Lake and Lake Superior Ship Canal, on the American side, will be opened for navigation this week.

SEVENTY immigrants from Canada left Chicago, November 26th, for a plantation in the Teche country, Louisiana.

THE first American lodge of I. O. O. F. has just been instituted at Stuttgart, Germany, by Dr. Morse, of California.

THE Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives will report favorably a bill to repeal the Eight Hour Law.

THE new Paris opera-house is now a military bakery, and Auber has said: "On pétit la farine dans le Palais du Son."



FRANCE.—ANXIOUS TIMES AT TRÉPORT.—THE FAMILIES OF FRENCH SOLDIERS CONSULTING THE JOURNALS FOR ARMY NEWS.

"ANXIOUS TIMES."

THE artist need not have studied a location for the scene of his painfully suggestive sketch. If all France was contained within the limits of Tréport, which is a seaport town in the Department of Seine-Inférieure, the caption would be equally true. The war has drawn the young men and old to the front of the conflict, leaving the wives and mothers and sisters to keep a lonely watch over their once blooming town. The anxiety which is faithfully drawn on the faces of the little group, each eager to learn from the newspaper something of a member of the family, is of the most touching and personal nature. Bereaved hearts still look for a crowning victory, while an almost ascetic resignation can be traced in every lineament of the face.

THE MISSES EMMA AND REBECCA LAEMLEIN.

THE Misses Laemlein, the juvenile pianists, who have, for some years past, been delighting California by their wonderful performances, are the children of Edward Laemlein, Esq., a widely known and highly esteemed resident of San Francisco. Miss Emma was born in New York in 1851, and Miss Rebecca in Baltimore in 1853, but, in early childhood, they removed, with their parents, to California, where they have since resided. They are, therefore, claimed by the Californians, who have bestowed upon their favorites the title of "Our Californian Pianists."

The Misses Laemlein gave very early indications of possessing musical talent, but, at the ages of ten and twelve, they displayed most extraordinary power over the piano,

and astonished all who heard them. At this tender age the young children gave a series of private *séances musicales*, at which the élite of San Francisco were present. Many of the leading citizens were anxious to hear the young ladies in public. The father, however, long refused his consent, but was finally induced to accede to the wish of the community. As they grew older, the house of their father became the

rendezvous of the leading musicians of the State, all of whom exhibited the warmest interest in the progress of the young aspirants, and encouraged them in every way. During a visit of the late Mr. Gottschalk to California, that gentleman was so attracted by their wonderful talent that he superintended their musical studies daily for eight months. On the 27th of December, 1865, by special request, the sisters

gave their first concert in San Francisco. Their success was unprecedented. The entire press of California spoke in the highest terms of their performance, and these critiques were in every way endorsed by valuable professional judgment. Having achieved a brilliant success, the children applied themselves, more diligently than ever, to their studies, and they now bid fair to become *artistes* of the first merit. They have since performed frequently in aid of charitable and other institutions, and have never neglected giving their services to all who have sought them.

This praiseworthy conduct has won for them the esteem and good-will of a large circle of friends.

On the occasion of a complimentary concert tendered by the citizens of San Francisco, Miss Emma (the elder of the two) played Jæff's "Norma," Lizst's "Rigoletto," and Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," and Miss Rebecca performed Lizst's "Tannhäuser," Mason's "Silver Spring," Chopin's "Marche Funèbre," and Gottschalk's "Banjo." They promise to be worthy representatives of American talent, and American encouragement in its fullest and truest sense should be extended to them.

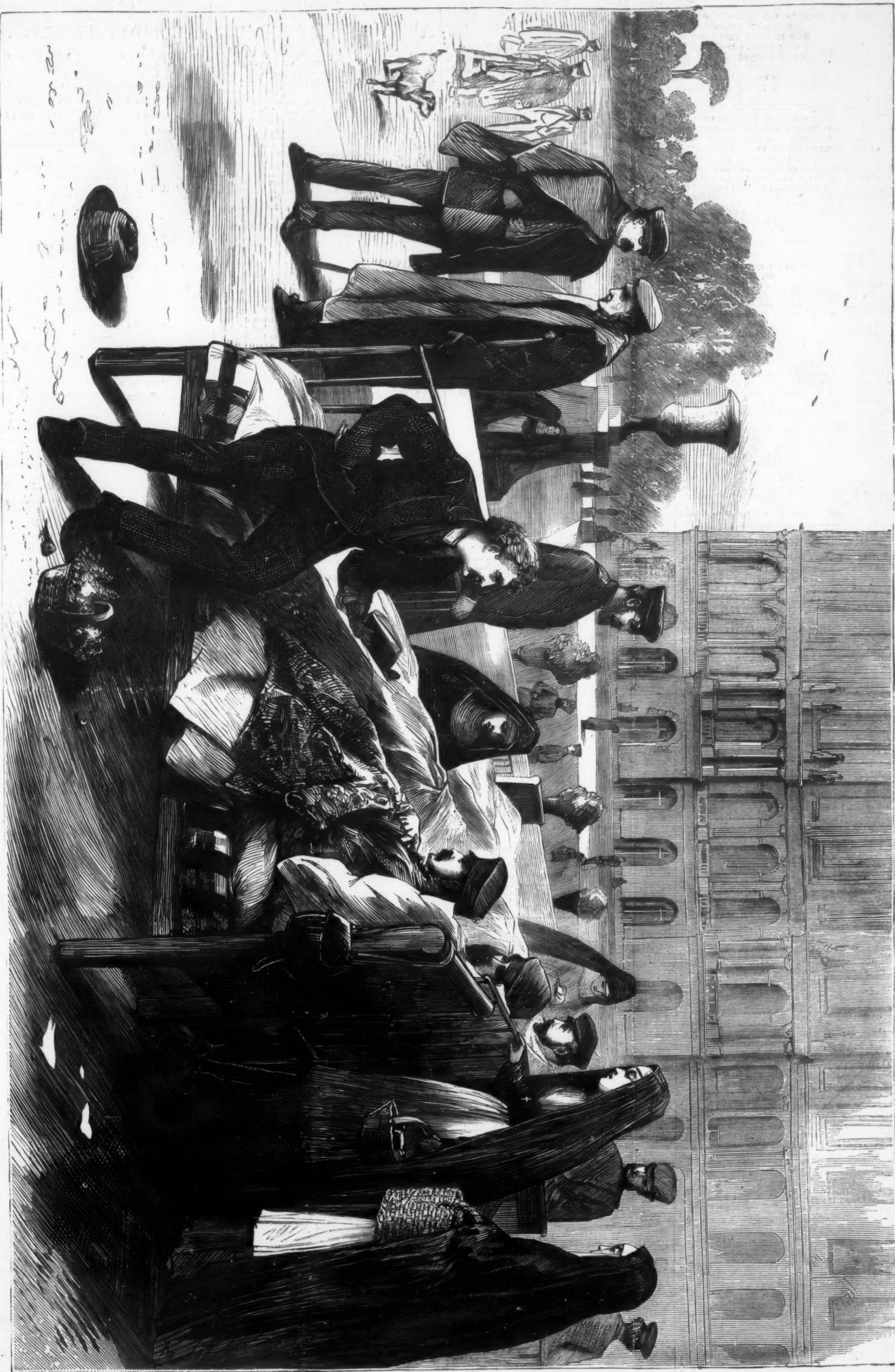
They inaugurated a series of concerts at Steinway Hall, New York, on the 13th of December.

ONCE MORE IN THE SUN.

EXPERIENCE has proven that sick and wounded men recover most speedily when lodged in tents, where the wind has free access. The Palace of Versailles, used as a hospital for Prussian soldiers, had the important recommendation of size, but the heroes of a long warfare begged for treatment in the open air,



MISSSES EMMA AND REBECCA LAEMLEIN, PIANISTS, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



FRANCE.—"ONCE MORE IN THE SUN!"—MILITARY PARADES AT VERSAILLES.

conscious that the cool wind and sunshine would add greatly to the skill of their surgeons exercised for their recovery. In many instances these requests were granted; temporary shelters were erected in the palace grounds, and the men conveyed thither. The effect was proven most satisfactory. Wounds and diseases yielded more readily to treatment, and the men manifested far greater contentment.

THE very large volume of business over the Central Pacific Railroad continues to gratify the holders of its Securities. The gross earnings for the years 1869 and 1870 amount to about \$14,000,000—although the main line between San Francisco and Salt Lake has been in operation for about two-thirds of the period. The net earnings for the same two years will equal \$7,000,000—a splendid result of the management of that great franchise. The steady advance in the quotations of the Central Pacific Gold Bonds, at the Stock Exchange, is an indication also that they are being gradually absorbed by persons of means for long investments.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.—For nearly a quarter of a century we have known a very pleasing, straightforward person, who, we learn, has created a very large business in this growing city. We allude to Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, of 48 Bond street (formerly of 45 Broadway). Every man who succeeds in life thinks he possesses the real secret of that success. We don't know what Dr. Gouraud thinks about the matter, but we believe that we understand why and how he has succeeded. It is by *female influence*. We don't mean any of that kind of influence under the head of "Woman's Rights." The Doctor keeps clear of all that sort of thing. But the influence which Dr. Gouraud has brought to bear in his business is the influence of *Beauty*. Dr. Gouraud has made more beautiful women than any other cause in the city. Hundreds of ladies roll on Broadway and Fifth avenue in gorgeous and magnificent beauty, who, but for Dr. Gouraud, would have kept out of the sunshine and lain dormant in the shade. This is Dr. Gouraud's secret—he has created *female beauty out of ugliness*. His *ORIENTAL CREAM*, or *MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER*, is the magician that responds to his wand. Face, hands and skin act magically under its influence; and as years have rolled on, their gathering host of ladies, who owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Gouraud and his preparations, have given him a business which no rival possesses. May he live a hundred years longer, and still receive the smiles of female loveliness.

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I HAVE a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, which has been constantly used in my family for over seven years, and is now to all appearances as good as when first purchased. During the time I have had the machine, I have had from seven to ten persons in my family, for whom it has done most of the sewing, besides that of three married daughters and many of my neighbors, it being the only machine in our neighborhood. During all this time I have never used but one needle, and the machine has never cost me anything for repairs.

Mrs. AMY CURTIS,
Pooleville, Madison Co., N. Y.

WE know of no present more suitable for a holiday offering than a copy of Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary*. Besides furnishing a continuous and almost inexhaustible channel of valuable instruction, its illustrations will be found a capital means of amusement to the old as well as the young. It has long been regarded the standard work of orthography and pronunciation, and we have yet to learn of any business, trade or profession which does not find full recognition among its hundreds of pages. To the minister, editor, professional gentleman and school it is indispensable, and the time is almost at hand when it will be esteemed equally so in the home-circle.

THE card of Mr. W. J. Graham appears in our advertising columns. The following note from Rev. J. Parker, of the Alanson Church, is apropos: "I have had a long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. W. J. Graham, now of 82 Bowery—a new establishment for the manufacture and sale of looking-glasses, picture-frames, etc. He is a faithful and useful member of the M. E. Church—an honest man, whose word and dealing I could always indorse, whether with friend or stranger."

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EDWARD RIDLEY & SON are making a specialty of miscellaneous articles of wear for the winter trade. Their silks, velvets and flowers are particularly rich, and their worsted goods and Yankee notions embrace none but the most attractive pieces. Their large establishment on Grand street, four blocks east of the Bowery, presents unusual inducements to ladies about making up articles of winter attire.

BOOSEY & CO., of No. 4 Bond street, are doing a fine service in the interest of musical art by the publication of standard operas in a cheap and substantial form. They propose issuing fortnightly a popular opera, preserving the text in all its integrity, and giving the words in the Italian and English languages. The texts will be thoroughly and carefully edited by eminent musicians.

PARTIES purchasing liquor for the holidays and medicinal purposes can find the purest and oldest RARE wines and liquors at Clark & Son, No. 75 Liberty street, in quantities to suit, at wholesale

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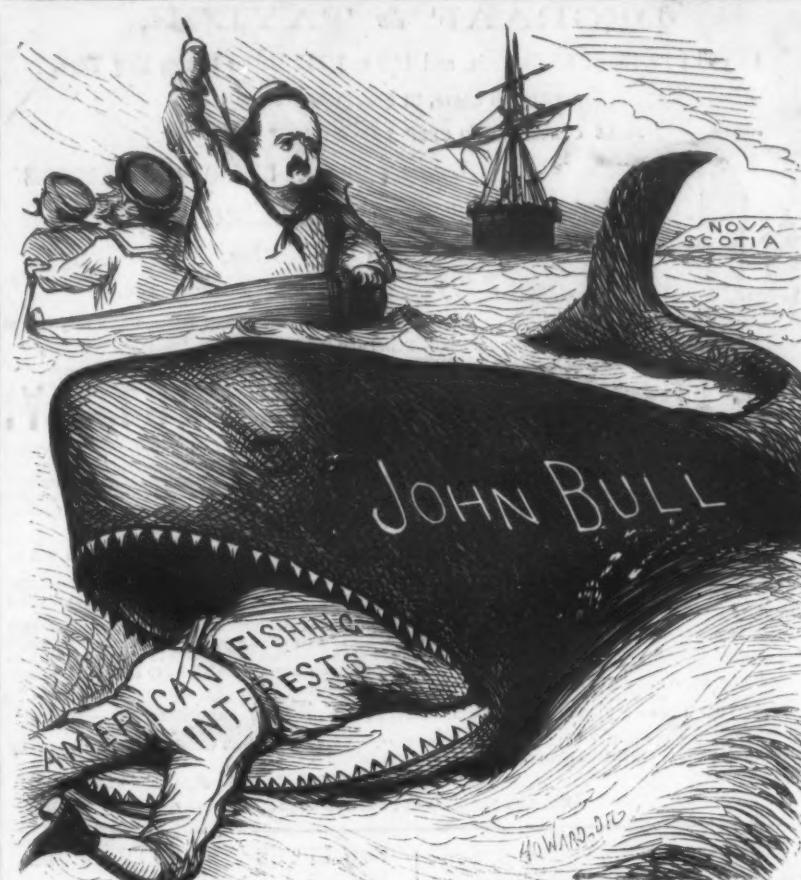
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